THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH

1. FADE IN: 1.

The Screen is black.

Slowly the blackness DISSOLVES into a deep midnight blue. Pinpricks of light appear in the blue: stars, millions of miles away.

2. EXT. KENTUCKY COALFIELD. DAWN. 2.

An abandoned Kentucky coalfield set in a barren lunar lanscape.

In the glimmer of dawn, we can discern the outline of a disued mineshaft.

The CAMERA PANS around the strange-looking site until it picks out the FIGURE of a MAN (NEWTON) walking along the rim of a slag heap. The MAN is silhouetted against the gradually lightening skyline. Suspended, as it were, above the distant MAN, is a full moon. The MAN seems alone on earth.

3. EXT. KENTUCKY ROAD. EARLY MORNING. 3.

The MAN (NEWTON) now walks towards the CAMERA along the straight highway. He looks around him at the landscape as he walks, half-turning. A car, headlamps still blazing from the night drive, races past him.

The MAN, his face not yet distinguishable, seems frightened by the car and staggers away off the road.

For a moment we think the MAN may be drunk or in a dazed state. Then, resolutely, he returns to the road and walks on. As he moves into CLOSE UP and the CAMERA begins to move with him, we see that the MAN is actually in pain. He grimaces. He takes deep breaths. He walks with difficulty. But there is a strong and determined look on his face. He does not look like a man who will give up.

There is a sign which reads: 'Haneyville'.

4. EXT. KENTUCKY TOWN. DAY. 4.

The MAN, whose name is NEWTON, walks down the main street of the very small, very ordinary town. There are only a few PEOPLE and a few cars about.

There are no shops open yet.

4. CONTINUED: 4.

NEWTON, shielding his eyes against the sunlight, stops at an intersection, and although there is little traffic, he takes elaborate precautions before crossing the street, looking both ways two or three times, before walking. He notices a drunk, from the night before, on the street corner.

NEWTON sits down exhausted on a bench near a small store called 'The Jewel Box'.

Eventually, the OWNER of the store appears. With his keys he goes through the elaborate process of opening up the small jewelry store.

NEWTON waits Then, when tne store is open, he goes to the door and gently turns the handle.

A bell rings as he goes in.

NEWTON is slightly startled by the unexpected sound.

5. INT. JEWELRY STORE. DAY. 5.

The OWNER of the cluttered store, whose name is BROWN, comes up to NEWTON as NEWTON is looking around at the cheap jewelry, oddments, bric-a-brac, and watches.

BROWN
Can I help?

NEWTON
Yes ... I hope so ...

NEWTON fumbles in his pocket and produces a small object wrapped in soft white paper.

BROWN watches as NEWTON carefully unwraps it.

The object turns out to be a gold ring.

BROWN examines the ring.

NEWTON
I'd like to sell this ring.

BROWN
(suspiciously)
Where did you get this?

5. CONTINUED: 5.

NEWTON
(surprised)
It's mine. My ... my wife gave it to me. Look on the inside ... you'll see my initials.

BROWN
T.J.N.
(looks up)
Do you have your I.D.?

NEWTON
I'm British. I have a passport.

NEWTON takes his passport from his inside jacket pocket and hands it to BROWN, who is still suspicious.

BROWN examines the passport.

BROWN
(reading)
Thomas Jerome Newton.

CLOSE UP: Photograph in passport. NEWTON is a younger man. BROWN looks up at NEWTON, then closes the passport book and hands it back to him.

BROWN
This isn't a pawn shop.

NEWTON
(questioning)
I beg your pardon?

BROWN
If I buy the ring now, you can't redeem it later. You understand?

NEWTON
(nods)
I understand.

BROWN puts the ring on a small pair of scales and weighs it.

BROWN
Sixty dollars.

NEWTON
Sixty dollars?

BROWN
Take it or leave it.

5. CONTINUED: 5.

NEWTON nods. He is disappointed.

BROWN counts out six ten dollar bills from his billfold. He hands them to NEWTON.

NEWTON looks at them for a moment before carefully folding the money.

As he does, NEWTON stands between two facing mirrors on each side of the shop. Together they create an apparently endless multiple reflection of the MAN and the money in his hands.

6. EXT. KENTUCKY ROAD. DAY. 6.

NEWTON passes the CAMERA from behind, as he walks back along the same stretch of road we saw earlier in the early morning light.

This time he is awkwardly carrying a small parcel of groceries. He is still slightly nervous of passing cars and still obviously tired.

The sun is up now. His shadow is dense.

NEWTON stops to rest for a few seconds before going on. We see that he is now wearing dark glasses.

7. EXT. KENTUCKY COALFIELD. DAY. 7.

NEWTON is alone. He is sitting on the ground in a hollow near the head of a disused mine shaft.

He cannot be seen from ground level.

In front of him NEWTON has laid out the food he has bought: eggs, potatoes, celery, sausage, cookies, carrots. Eventually, he opens the pack of cookies and takes one out. He begins to eat the cookie.

As he eats, NEWTON counts out his money.

8. EXT. KENTUCKY STREAM. DAY. 8.

NEWTON is bending down by the side of a stream, filling a vacuum flask with fresh water.

He drinks a cupful. Then another. He is very thirsty. He screws the cup back onto the top of the flask and sits back on the bank. He does not notice the pieces of floating trash in the river.

8. CONTINUED: 8.

NEWTON looks around the green countryside with obvious pleasure.

Then he takes from his pocket a bunch of bills. He sorts them out into singles, tens, fifties and hundreds. He puts an elastic band around each denomination, and puts it away carefully in his pocket.

Then he pulls from his pants pocket a length of cord. The cord is a complete loop, and on it there are maybe fifty gold rings of differing shapes and sizes.

Like a child, NEWTON starts to count the shining rings.

9. INT. NEW YORK. FARNSWORTH'S PENTHOUSE. EVENING. 9.

Through the huge windows of a Manhatten penthouse we see the familiar skyline of New York in the evening light.

As the CAMERA PULLS BACK we hear the explosive sound of Holst's music 'The Planets': The Mars theme.

OLIVER FARNSWORTH, a lawyer, is fiddling with pre-amp on his quad.

FARNSWORTH is a stout man with thick glasses: he doesn't see very well but he has a marvellous ear.

The room is lit with concealed lights. It is dim and warmly luxurious.

Suddenly, FARNSWORTH jumps. He turns to see a MAN standing in the door at the far end of the long room.

FARNSWORTH immediately turns down the music, and faces the MAN, who is silhouetted in the doorway against the light from the hall. He wears a broad brimmed hat.

Behind the MAN, who we recognise as NEWTON, we see FARNSWORTH's Japanese houseboy, TREVOR, and hear the young man's voice.

TREVOR
It's Mr. Newton, Sir.

NEWTON walks into the room. He is dressed in the traditional suit of an international businessman.

FARNSWORTH comes towards him with the intention of shaking hands.

9. CONTINUED: 9.

NEWTON avoids shaking hands, but without seeming rude. He moves his briefcase from one hand to another, as if it were heavy.

FARNSWORTH
I'm Oliver Farnsworth.
(NEWTON nods)
What will you have to drink, Mr. Newton?

NEWTON
A glass of water.

FARNSWORTH nods at TREVOR, who crosses the room.

FARNSWORTH
Are you all right?

NEWTON
Yes. A little tired.

NEWTON sinks suddenly exhausted into a leather armchair. He puts his black briefcase down beside him. There is a pause.

FARNSWORTH
I'm sorry I couldn't see you at my office, Mr. Newton, but I simply didn't have even ten minutes today...

TREVOR comes back with a silver tray of Scotch, ice and water. He pours a glass of water for NEWTON.

TREVOR hands NEWTON the water, then gives FARNSWORTH his neat whisky.

FARNSWORTH suddenly notices that NEWTON has removed a white envelope from his inside pocket.

NEWTON holds it out to FARNSWORTH who opens the envelope and removes ten one thousand dollar bills bound lightly with an elastic band.

FARNSWORTH
What's this? Some kind of bribe?

NEWTON
I'm paying for your time, as from now. I shall want up to ten hours of your time at a thousand dollars an hour.

9. CONTINUED: 9.

FARNSWORTH
(smiles)
This kind of money buys more than ten hours even of my time. What exactly do you want?

FARNSWORTH pulls out a cigarette and lights it. NEWTON notices and sniffs. He obviously doesn't like the smoke.

NEWTON
I want a lawyer who is well-versed in patents.

FARNSWORTH
That's me.

NEWTON takes a white pill from a small Bayer aspirin case and drops it into the glass. The pill starts to dissolve. The water goes cloudy.

FARNSWORTH watches NEWTON, more intrigued by the minute.

NEWTON
Would you take my briefcase? Here.

FARNSWORTH takes the case from beside NEWTON's armchair.

NEWTON
Would you open it, Mr. Farnsworth? Inside you will find a file. I want you to read it.

FARNSWORTH opens the briefcase and discovers a silver-coloured file. He removes it. He looks at NEWTON, fascinated by the mystery of it all.

FARNSWORTH starts to thumb through the file.

FARNSWORTH
Electronics?

NEWTON
(firmly)
Read the file.

FARNSWORTH
May I keep it over-night?

NEWTON
I'm sorry. I can't leave it with you. It's not that I don't trust you.

9. CONTINUED: 9.

FARNSWORTH examines the file. The paper on which it is printed is like wafer thin Indian rice paper The type which consists, we see, of formulae and text in about equal proportions, is like careful handwriting in pale blue ink.

FARNSWORTH
All right I'll read it.

FARNSWORTH pours himself another whisky and sinks into an armchair with the file. He begins to read.

While FARNSWORTH reads, NEWTON quickly sips his glass of cloudy water. NEWTON looks round the room. The furniture is a mixture of modern and antique. His eye is caught by a piece of sculpture about two feet high. With difficulty NEWTON gets up out of his armchair and crosses to the bronze figure which stands on a plinth.

It is clearly Jesus Christ.

NEWTON stares at the face of the figure.

FARNSWORTH looks up from his reading. He watches NEWTON for a moment.

FARNSWORTH
Mr. Newton, if you would like to choose a record? ... A little Vivaldi wouldn't disturb me.

NEWTON
(turns)
No, thank you.

FARNSWORTH
Well, if you want anything, press the bell over there and Trevor will get it for you.

NEWTON nods. FARNSWORTH returns to his reading, carefully turning the pages of the files as if the contents were an ancient manuscript that might crumble at the touch.

NEWTON crosses to the window overlooking the city.

NEWTON's reflection in the window is SUPERIMPOSED over the scattered twinkling stars.

The CAMERA ZOOMS IN to a CLOSE UP of a star sparkling in one of NEWTON's eyes.

10. EXT. MANHATTAN. DAWN. 10.

The sun rises slowly over the skyline of the island. A flock of birds circle the sky.

A series of SHOTS of the great office block housing the executives of the major U.S. industries and set in the canyon-like streets.

We see the names of the great corporations on the buildings themselves, household names.

Over these images we hear the following exchange:

FARNSWORTH (V.O.)
(astounded)
I don't believe it. I can't believe it. You have nine basic patents here. Nine! That's basic patents. Do you know what that means?

NEWTON (V.O.)
Yes, I think so.

FARNSWORTH (V.O.)
Do you really? I wonder. It means, Mr. Newton, that you can take RCA, Eastman-Kodak, and DuPont for starters.

11. INT. FARNSWORTH'S PENTHOUSE. DAWN. 11.

NEWTON is at the window. He lowers the blind against the dawn light.

He rubs his eyes and turns to FARNSWORTH who puts down the file on the coffee table.

NEWTON
In, say, three years, what would this be worth to me?

FARNSWORTH
I'm a lawyer not an accountant, Mr. Newton. Something of the order of three hundred million dollars.

NEWTON
(sighs)
Not more?

11. CONTINUED: 11.

FARNSWORTH
(incredulous)
More?

NEWTON
(coolly)
I need upwards of five hundred million.

FARNSWORTH
(suddenly)
What the hell for?
(NEWTON doesn't answer)
I didn't mean to put it like that, Mr. Newton. I'm just trying to adjust my mind to all this.

NEWTON
I'll offer you ten percent of my net profits. Plus five percent of all corporate holdings. That represents, in terms of your figure, an annual salary of between seven hundred and eight hundred thousand dollars.

NEWTON turns his attention absently to a color TV. There is a news bulletin. He turns the sound up by remote control. There is an item about a strike. MEN are marching in protest.

FARNSWORTH
That's an awful lot of money for a highly successful lawyer like me.

NEWTON
It's five times what you make now. Think it over, Mr. Farnsworth. I'm sorry to have lost you a night's sleep. It may have been worth it.

NEWTON idly switches channels on the remote control device.

FARNSWORTH
I must think about it all. I'll have Trevor take you home.

11. CONTINUED: 11.

NEWTON
Thank you. I have my own driver waiting.

FARNSWORTH
All night?

NEWTON
If you take the assignment you will have complete authority - below me. I don't want to have contact with anyone apart from you.

NEWTON puts his silver file back into his briefcase. He walks to the door. On his way, he points at the very elaborate and sophisticated console of disc, tape, audio and video cassette, amplifier and radio tuner.

NEWTON
If you take the position, Mr. Farnsworth, you'll be able to replace all this antiquated sound equipment and buy some of mine.

FARNSWORTH
(smiles)
Buy it?

NEWTON
At cost, naturally.

FARNSWORTH
(laughs)
Maybe you're not that different after all, Mr. Newton.

NEWTON does not smile.

12. INT. NEWTON'S LIMOUSINE. DAY. 12.

The long black car slides along a New York street. NEWTON is sitting in the back behind a glass panel which separates him from his driver, ARTHUR.

NEWTON wears a safety-belt. NEWTON passes his hand across his forehead. He looks sick. He speaks with some difficulty into a two-way intercom.

NEWTON
Arthur, would you please slow down?

12. CONTINUED: 12.

ARTHUR
(half turns)
We're only doing forty-five, Mr. Newton.

NEWTON
It's making me dizzy. Keep to thirty, please.

CLOSE UP: NEWTON, he closes his eyes to fight the dizzy sensation. His face is contorted.

13. INT. FARNSWORTH'S PENTHOUSE. DAY. 13.

FARNSWORTH is sitting on the sofa.

He looks up at TREVOR who has brought in breakfast.

FARNSWORTH
Check him out. I want to know everything.

14. EXT. CHICAGO UNIVERSITY. DAY. 14.

NATHAN BRYCE, a Professor of Chemical Engineering at the University of Chicago, comes down the steps of the University Building.

He is a man in his forties, with a moustache.

Carrying books and papers BRYCE eases through a group of GIRL STUDENTS to his parked car. He glances at the GIRLS.

One of the GIRLS we see in CLOSE UP and later recognise as ELAINE.

15. INT. CHICAGO. BRYCE'S APARTMENT. DAY. 15.

BRYCE is sitting in a winged armchair. He is opening a parcel which is obviously a book.

On the wine table beside him is a photograph of two women. BRYCE's wife and daughter.

The book is called 'Masterpieces in Paint and Poetry'. BRYCE flips through it. He pauses to examine a double-page spread which opposes Breughel's painting 'The Fall of Icarus' and Auden's poem 'Musee des Deaux Arts', which describes the painting.

15. CONTINUED: 15.

Reaching for his glass of Scotch, the book falls and a card drops out. BRYCE picks up the card which reads: 'To Darling Daddy, Many many happy returns. I miss you. Sharon'. BRYCE glances at the photograph.

16. INT. JAPANESE RESTAURANT. NIGHT. 16.

NEWTON is sitting alone in a private room.

A JAPANESE WAITRESS is serving him Tempura. She bows and leaves, closing the sliding door behind her.

NEWTON picks up a prawn and begins slowly to eat it.

17. INT. BRYCE'S APARTMENT. NIGHT. 17.

BRYCE is sitting at a table going through examination papers, marking them and making notes. The only light in the room is a table lamp beside him. The door of his apartment opens, but BRYCE is unaware of it.

A GIRL comes stealthily into the apartment. She closes the door and puts her key away in her purse. She creeps up on BRYCE. We recognise the GIRL as ELAINE from the campus scene.

ELAINE
Hello.

BRYCE turns with a gasp.

BRYCE
I've just marked your papers.

ELAINE
How did I do?

BRYCE
Don't worry.

ELAINE takes off her sweater.

ELAINE
I won't.

18. INT. NEW YORK. JAPANESE THEATER. NIGHT. 18.

On the small stage Japanese Actors with face-painted masks are enacting a Kabuki drama. They don't speak, but they move dramatically and violently in accompaniment to music. NEWTON is watching the play in the small audience.

19. INT. BRYCE'S APARTMENT. NIGHT. 19.

Now half-dressed, BRYCE and ELAINE wrestle their way towards the bedroom door. ELAINE has a small instammatic camera in her hand.

20. INT. JAPANESE THEATER. NIGHT. 20.

NEWTON watches as a ritual with swords is conducted on the stage. We can hear the whistling curved Samourai swords as the Actors dance dangerously around each other.

NEWTON turns away, frightened.

21. INT. BRYCE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. 21.

ELAINE is snapping away in the virtual darkness of the bedroom with her instammatic (no flash), as BRYCE is caressing and making love to her.

We can see little, but we hear squeaks, slaps, shouts and grunts and the sound of things falling over. After a moment there is silence. Then the light comes on.

ELAINE is lying on the bed with BRYCE beside her. She still has the instammatic camera in her hand.

BRYCE takes the camera from her.

He opens the back of the camera and takes out the cassette. ELAINE kisses him all over his body as he tosses the camera on to the bed and pulls the celluloid itself out of the cassette. BRYCE stares at the film in disbelief. Instead of the conventional green-gray film stock, BRYCE finds that he is holding a strip of color contact prints. He looks at them. They are all clear pictures of BRYCE in extremely compromising postures.

ELAINE
How did they turn out?

22. INT. JAPANESE THEATER. NIGHT. 22.

One multicolored face bears down on another. The music screeches.

NEWTON turns and leaves the theater.

23. INT. BRYCE'S APARTMENT. BEDROOM. NIGHT. 23.

BRYCE stares at the contact prints.

23. CONTINUED: 23.

BRYCE
(shakes his head)
I don't believe it. It's impossible.

ELAINE
Clever, isn't it?

The CAMERA ZOOMS in to the cassette: 'World Color, a Division of World Enterprises Corp.'

24. EXT. FIFTH AVENUE. NEW YORK. DAY. 24.

Over the main entrance of an office building are three letters sculpted in aluminum: W. E. C.

NEWTON looks up at the building and then walks on. His black limousine pulls up beside him.

ARTHUR, the Chauffeur, jumps out and opens the passenger door and NEWTON gets in.

25. INT. BRYCE'S APARTMENT. DAY. 25.

BRYCE is alone in his dressing gown drinking his first cup of coffee. He slumps in a chair after having had a heavy night. On the table in front of him he sees the book given to him by his daughter. The CAMERA moves in to the cover and we see the publisher's name: 'World Enterprises Books'. BRYCE puts down the cup of coffee and picks up the book of photographs and poems. He flicks through the color pictures in the book. The Image FREEZES as the picture of Icarus flashes past.

In CLOSE UP we see the blurred detail of the boy falling into the water.

26. INT. NEWTON'S LIMOUSINE. DAY. 26.

NEWTON picks up the telephone beside him and push-button dials a number.

27. INT. W.E. BUILDING. DAY. 27.

Set into the right hand door of a pair of double doors is an aluminum plate which reads: 'Oliver V. Farnsworth, President'.

28. INT. FARNSWORTH'S OFFICE. DAY. 28.

FARNSWORTH's office is panelled in oak and hung with crystal chandeliers. One wall is lined with legal books.

There is a huge desk with FARNSWORTH behind it, talking into the only telephone on the desk which is otherwise totally clear.

FARNSWORTH himself looks older than before in his own apartment, and slightly slimmer.

Faintly we hear the sound of Baroque music.

As FARNSWORTH talks into the telephone, the CAMERA picks out wooden grilles in the oak panelling. These, we realise, are speakers.

FARNSWORTH
(into telephone)
Are you sure that this is the right moment, Mr. Newton. You know, don't you, that this one has no bottom?

29. INT. NEWTON'S LIMOUSINE. DAY. 29.

NEWTON, sitting in the back of the car, strapped in with a safety belt, is on the telephone to FARNSWORTH.

NEWTON
I want you to begin negotiations with Eastman-Kodak immediately.

30. INT. FARNSWORTH'S OFFICE. DAY. 30.

FARNSWORTH on the telephone to NEWTON.

FARNSWORTH
I don't understand why, when we've just got them licked, we have to sell out to them. I mean if I owned the copyright on the Bible, I wouldn't sell it to Random House.

31. INT. NEWTON'S LIMOUSINE. DAY. 31.

NEWTON is on the telephone to FARNSWORTH.

31. CONTINUED: 31.

NEWTON
It's what I want ... I'm on my way to Kentucky now. I shall be staying in a hotel in Louisville ... No, I can't tell you yet ... I'll be in touch.

He hangs up.

ARTHUR glances at NEWTON in the rear-view mirror.

32. INT. CANUTTI'S OFFICE. UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO. DAY. 32.

The roll of contacts BRYCE made with the W.E. film is lying on PROFESSOR CANUTTI's desk.

CANUTTI picks up the film and looks at it.

WALT CANUTTI is a bearded man in his fifties.

BRYCE paces the office. He holds in his right hand a copy of American Photochemistry. He taps the magazine with his left hand.

BRYCE
There's no reference to this type of film in any issue of American Photochemistry in the last five years. It's got a variable ASA speed, 200 to 1,000. The automatic camera was one thing. This is automatic film.

CANUTTI
Why don't you just call the company, what was it again?

BRYCE
World Enterprises. I've written to them. They're evasive.

CANUTTI
(holding up the film)
I must say the quality is fantastic. Just look at those stars.

BRYCE
All I want to do is analyze it, Walt. I need the facilities of a big lab.

32. CONTINUED: 32.

CANUTTI
(shakes his head)
It's no go, Nate. Stick to your own pursuits.

BRYCE
Pursuits? What are you talking about?

CANUTTI
I'm talking about the things you pursue, Nate.
(pause)
Young things.

BRYCE is impassive. Then he nods.

BRYCE
So you won't help me?

CANUTTI
You're just bored with your job. You're bored with your life, Nate. That's your trouble. You're looking around for new things, anything different. You should see Emily and Sharon, Nate. They could use some attention.

Slowly BRYCE picks up the film from CANUTTI's desk and winds it into a roll and puts it in his pocket. He looks at CANUTTI.

BRYCE
I'm telling you, something's up, Professor.

33. EXT. HOTEL. LOUISVILLE. DAY. 33.

NEWTON's limousine is parked outside the hotel.

ARTHUR carries NEWTON's suitcase into the run-down, nondescript hotel.

NEWTON follows him, carrying his black attache case.

34. INT. LOUISVILLE HOTEL. DAY. 34.

NEWTON signs the register in his strange handwriting: Thomas Sussex.

34. CONTINUED: 34.

The young MALE RECEPTIONIST watches him.

ARTHUR takes NEWTON's bags to the elevator.

A plumpish local GIRL in her mid-twenties appears. Her name is MARY-LOU. She watches NEWTON.

ARTHUR stands by the entrance to the hotel.

NEWTON comes up to him, leaving his attache case beside the reception desk.

ARTHUR
When shall I call for you, sir?

NEWTON
I'm not sure yet. Sometime tomorrow. I'll let you know.

ARTHUR nods and leaves.

NEWTON turns back to the desk to see that MARY-LOU has taken his attache case into the elevator where she waits. NEWTON hurries across to the elevator and steps inside.

NEWTON
(anxiously)
I'll take my case.

MARY-LOU
(smiles)
It's no bother, sir.

She closes the elevator doors.

35. INT. ELEVATOR. DAY. 35.

MARY-LOU presses the button for the sixth floor.

NEWTON
No, no. I'll use the stairs.

MARY-LOU
It's six flights.

The elevator has already started up. The CAMERA closes in on NEWTON's dizzy expression. He closes his eyes. His body sways.

Within seconds NEWTON has collapsed on the floor. He is lying at the feet of the frightened MARY-LOU.

35. CONTINUED: 35.

Blood rushes from his nose. MARY-LOU's hand gropes for the ground floor button.

NEWTON
No, don't, don't.

MARY-LOU looks at NEWTON, horrified. She gasps. She bends down to try and help him.

His legs twist and jerk in spasms on the floor of the elevator. Blood dribbles from his nose onto the floor. His hand closes in a fist and opens and closes again. There is a faint sound of cracking, like a small bone.

Then NEWTON is completely still.

The elevator has not yet reached the sixth floor.

MARY-LOU clamps her hand over her mouth.

She stands up and goes to press the stop button, but does not as the elevator passes the fifth floor. She waits for the elevator to reach the sixth floor. Then she opens the doors.

MARY-LOU steps out into the passage. She looks both ways.

36. INT. HOTEL: SIXTH FLOOR PASSAGE. DAY. (ARTIFICIAL LIGHT). 36.

There is no one about. MARY-LOU looks down at NEWTON. MARY-LOU is frightened.

She bends down again and takes his shoulders, pulling him as carefully as she can out of the elevator.

To MARY-LOU's surprise, she is able easily to drag the dead weight of NEWTON out of the elevator and into the hotel passage.

She sees the key to Room 67 lying on the blood-stained floor of the elevator. She picks up the key.

She closes the elevator door. She puts the key in the pocket of her apron.

MARY-LOU is intrigued and frightened. She now bends down properly and picks him up completely in her arms.

The man weighs no more than, say, a twelve-year-old child. She carries him to Room 67.

36. CONTINUED: 36.

She puts him down in front of the door.

She opens the door with the key, picks him up and takes him into the room.

37. INT. HOTEL. ROOM 67. DAY. 37.

MARY-LOU carries NEWTON to the bed and gently lays him down on it.

She looks at him.

NEWTON begins to stir, then stops.

MARY-LOU slowly smiles and goes back to the door of the room and closes it. She returns to NEWTON's bedside. He begins to stir again.

MARY-LOU helps him sit up by propping two pillows behind his head.

A train rumbles past the hotel.

NEWTON slowly opens his eyes and stares blankly at MARY-LOU. She smiles at him.

MARY-LOU
You okay, mister?

NEWTON looks round the hotel room and down at his blood-stained shirt.

NEWTON
I must've fainted.

MARY-LOU
Fainted? I thought you were dead. I'll call a doctor.

NEWTON
Don't call. Please don't call a doctor.

He points at her. Then he is overcome with a wave of nausea. He turns and starts to vomit. MARY-LOU stares at him. She turns and hurries away to the bathroom.

NEWTON vomits again. MARY-LOU comes running back with towels. NEWTON swallows hard two or three times and then relaxes exhausted against the pillows.

MARY-LOU starts to clean up. She looks at NEWTON from time to time, but his eyes are now shut. He appears to be sleeping.

38. INT. BRYCE'S APARTMENT: BEDROOM. NIGHT. 38.

BRYCE and ELAINE, a nineteen-year-old student, are lying in bed. They have drinks in their hands.

ELAINE
You know, you don't remind me at all of my father.

BRYCE
I'm glad of that.

ELAINE
To begin with, you've got more lines on your forehead -

BRYCE
- I'm probably an older man.

ELAINE nods.

BRYCE
That's why you tease me, isn't it?

ELAINE nods.

BRYCE
The truth of the matter is I'm not a lecherous old man, you're a lecherous little girl.

ELAINE nods.

BRYCE
Well, what do you say to that?

ELAINE
No one would ever believe you.

39. INT. HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT. 39.

A train rumbles past.

NEWTON wakes. He sees MARY-LOU in an armchair by the window. NEWTON squints and remembers where he is. He looks at MARY-LOU, who gets up.

NEWTON
Do you think I could have something to drink? I'm thirsty.

MARY-LOU
Are you sure you should drink?

39. CONTINUED: 39.

NEWTON
I'd like a glass of -

MARY-LOU
- Gin? A nice gin and tonic. With a slice of lime and four cubes of ice. How does that sound, mister?

NEWTON
I'd like a glass of water.

MARY-LOU
All right, mister. I'll get it.

MARY-LOU goes to the bathroom and returns with a glass of water.

MARY-LOU
I'll get you some medicine. You must have something with your glass of water. Some kind of pill maybe.

NEWTON
Just the water.

MARY-LOU
Okay, Mister ... say, what's your name?

NEWTON
Sussex.

MARY-LOU
Can I leave for a while? I've got some cleaning to do. I'll come back in a while.

NEWTON
You go ahead. I'm all right.

She leaves the room.

NEWTON is alone. He tries to raise himself on the bed, but his legs are in agony. He sinks back and closes his eyes.

40. INT. HOTEL BEDROOM. NIGHT. 40.

NEWTON is sitting up straight, drinking a glass of water. He drops a pill into it. The water goes cloudy.

40. CONTINUED: 40.

MARY-LOU is watching as she sips a gin and tonic with ice and lime.

She has brought in a bottle of gin and a bag of ice and some tonic bottles.

MARY-LOU
You're really hooked on water, aren't you? One of these days you must try one of these. Am I talking too much? Maybe I really ought to go.
(she looks at her watch)
Lord, look at the time. It's after three, you must be tired. I'll just finish this and then...

NEWTON
...and then?

MARY-LOU
...and then ... I'll have another.
(smiles)
I like you, mister ... What do you do, for a living, I mean?

NEWTON
I'm just visiting.

MARY-LOU
Oh. A traveller.

NEWTON
Can you ... help me up, please.

MARY-LOU drains her gin and tonic and gets to her feet. She crosses to the bed.

MARY-LOU
Would you like to sit in this chair?

NEWTON
I'll try. I'm afraid my legs are very weak...

MARY-LOU
(helping him up)
I don't think you get enough to eat, mister ... I hope you don't mind me saying so, but you're very thin. Too thin.

40. CONTINUED: 40.

MARY-LOU gently helps NEWTON into a chair. He is still in pain.

A train passes the window.

MARY-LOU
Do you come from a city?

NEWTON
No. I come from the country.

MARY-LOU
I wish I lived in the country. This is a very unhealthy place. The water here's all polluted. They put all kinds of chemicals in it so you can drink it without getting sick. This is a very unhealthy place.

NEWTON
I think it just takes getting used to, that's all.

MARY-LOU
It sure does.
(she drinks)
Anyway, I don't drink the water.

NEWTON
I wonder if you'd mind, Mary-Lou, if I rested now.

MARY-LOU
Lord, no. I'm going. I'll come and see you tomorrow, if you want me.

NEWTON
I'd like to see you tomorrow. Perhaps you could arrange to get me a television.

MARY-LOU
TV? Nothing easier.
(she takes the gin bottle)
Well ... I'll be seeing you, then, Mister...

NEWTON
...Sussex.

40. CONTINUED: 40

MARY-LOU
Mister Sussex. I'll never remember that name. I don't know why. Good night, then.

NEWTON
Good night. And thank you, Mary-Lou. Thank you.

She waves a little unsteadily and goes out.

NEWTON shuts his eyes. With his eyes closed, he sips at the water.

41. INT. FARNSWORTH'S OFFICE. DAY. 41

FARNSWORTH is on the telephone.

FARNSWORTH
There are now six subsidiaries under the holding company. I don't know how accurate you want the account figures but they change hourly. We receive bank statements on each company twice a day.

42. INT. MARY-LOU'S APARTMENT. DAY. 42

NEWTON is sitting in a dilapidated armchair on the telephone. All round the room are television sets. There are seven, each tuned to a different channel, each silent now while NEWTON talks on the telephone to FARNSWORTH.

Otherwise, MARY-LOU's cramped first-floor apartment is in a chaotic state. A cat prowls around.

There is no sign of MARY-LOU.

NEWTON
I need a total figure by tomorrow. Give it to me to the nearest fifty million dollars...

NEWTON stares at the cat. The cat stares at NEWTON.

43. INT. FARNSWORTH'S OFFICE. DAY. 43

FARNSWORTH is on the telephone to NEWTON.

43. CONTINUED: 43

The office door opens and TREVOR appears with a tray of whiskey, ice and soda. He sets it down on FARNSWORTH's desk.

FARNSWORTH
(into telephone)
The more secretive you are about your life the more it arouses people's interest ... We've had some chemistry professor from Chicago who's been calling and writing...

44. INT. MARY-LOU'S APARTMENT. DAY. 44

As NEWTON is on the telephone to FARNSWORTH the sun suddenly shines in through the window having come out from behind a cloud.

NEWTON puts on his dark glasses.

NEWTON
(into telephone)
Why don't you talk to him? Don't be unfriendly. My life is not secret, Mr. Fransworth, but it is private.

NEWTON hangs up.

We hear the shrill whistle of a train.

45. INT/EXT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION. DAY. 45

The Twentieth Century pulls into its own track.

A loudspeaker announces the arrival of the Twentieth Century from Chicago.

Amongst the PASSENGERS getting off the train is BRYCE. A PORTER takes his bags as he walks along beside the train.

46. INT. FARNSWORTH'S OFFICE. DAY. 46

TREVOR shows BRYCE into FARNSWORTH's office.

TREVOR
Mr. Farnsworth will be with you in a moment, Dr. Bryce.

46. CONTINUED: 46.

TREVOR leaves, and BRYCE wanders around the room.

From the concealed speakers we hear a choral work. BRYCE crosses and fingers the grille set in the oak panelling which conceals the speakers.

He suddenly turns with a start. FARNSWORTH has come into the room.

The TWO MEN look at each other. FARNSWORTH takes off his glasses.

FARNSWORTH
All right, Dr. Bryce. What exactly is it you want to know?

47. INT. MARY-LOU'S APARTMENT. DAY. 47.

Seven televisions are on, all talking and singing. NEWTON, sitting in an armchair, is watching the screens. His eyes dart from one to another. We get the impression that NEWTON can watch and listen to them all virtually simultaneously. The door of the apartment opens and MARY-LOU comes in.

She is now dressed more expensively than before. But her clothes are too tight. Her heels are too high. Her face is over made-up.

She expects NEWTON to turn and admire her in her new clothes but he doesn't.

MARY-LOU
I got that white wine you like from Reichman's. It's not cold. Shall I pour you a glass?

NEWTON
(without looking up)
Why not?

MARY-LOU
I don't understand, how can you watch them all at the same time? You know Tommy, you're quite a freak. I don't mean that unkindly. I like freaks. That's why I like you. I really like you. But it's not ...
(she drinks)
It's not enough.
(softly)
I don't know why you're living with me. Don't get me wrong. I love

47. CONTINUED: 47.

MARY-LOU (cont.)
having you here. But you don't need me.

As NEWTON doesn't seem to respond MARY-LOU shrugs and takes the wine into the kitchen. Her cat follows her. Through the doorway we see her mixing herself a gin and tonic and pulling the cork from a thin bottle of wine.

MARY-LOU
(calling)
We're going to have a drink and then I'm going to have a bath and then we're going to church.

MARY-LOU comes back into the living room with the drinks. She gives NEWTON the wine and takes a gulp from her gin and tonic.

MARY-LOU
Lord, I like gin ... are you hiding out, Tommy?

NEWTON
I can't go to church.

MARY-LOU
It's a real good church this one. You won't feel out of place.
(she drinks)
It makes me feel so good. It gives me something to believe in. Everybody needs that. A meaning to life. I mean when you look up at the sky at night, don't you feel somewhere up there, there's got to be a God.
(she drinks)
There's got to be.

NEWTON crosses to the window, turning off one or two of the televisions as he goes.

He sips his drink and looks out across the wasteland towards a railway track two hundred yards away. A train passes. NEWTON stares at it looking back and forth like a schoolboy, watching the different shapes of the freight cars.

NEWTON
They're so strange here, the trains.

48. INT. MARY-LOU'S APARTMENT: BATHROOM. EVENING. 48.

MARY-LOU's clothes are laid out over a chair. She is in the bath. The bathroom door is ajar. MARY-LOU is washing herself half-heartedly, waiting. She sees the figure of NEWTON pass.

MARY-LOU
You can come in if you like, Tommy. You needn't be embarrassed.

There is a pause and then NEWTON appears in the doorway.

MARY-LOU
Are you married Tommy?
(she bites her lip, wishing she hadn't asked the question)

NEWTON
Yes.

MARY-LOU
What's she like, your wife? Is she like me?

NEWTON
No.

MARY-LOU
I didn't think she was. Well, I'll do for now, won't I?

49. EXT. LANDSCAPE. DAY. 49.

A wide, arid, gray, desert landscape. The sky is blue-green. In the far distance we see a range of mountains. There is no sign of vegetation.

The landscape is bisected by a line. To begin with, we cannot see what the line is, except that it is very straight. In the center of the desert, perhaps half a mile away, are FOUR FIGURES. TWO TALL FIGURES and TWO SHORT ONES.

The CAMERA ZOOMS slowly in towards the group, but not close enough to recognise anyone. We can make out only that there is a MAN, a WOMAN, and TWO CHILDREN.

The FOUR of them are standing on the 'line'.

In the distance we see the approach of a train. The train gets nearer and we see that it only has two carriages, and it is yellow. The engine slows to a halt beside the FOUR PEOPLE, wiping them from our view.

The CAMERA cuts to a position from the other side of the track.

49. CONTINUED: 49.

The train is much quieter than ones we have seen or heard previously. It makes a noise closer to the sound of a car. A door in the first carriage opens and a ladder lowers automatically to the ground.

The train waits. The windows of the carriages are dark and we can see nothing of the inside.

Still in LONG SHOT, we see the MAN reach out his hand to touch the hands of the other THREE in turn, finishing with the WOMAN, before climbing into the train. Almost immediately the train moves off.

Shooting from overhead now, the CAMERA rises up from the departing train. The WOMAN sinks to her knees, as do the CHILDREN. They fall forwards, covering each other.

As we hold the departing train in WIDE-ANGLED SHOT from the air, the WOMAN and TWO CHILDREN look like a single, strange creature in the desert.

The final image of the scene is an EXTREME WIDE-ANGLE image from on high which curves the horizontal line of the landscape.

50. INT. CHURCH. NIGHT. 50.

The interior of the small church is crowded, mostly with working-class PEOPLE.

NEWTON is standing next to MARY-LOU as they sing the hymn 'Jerusalem'. At the end of the hymn, which NEWTON does not know, everybody in the church kneels. Except NEWTON. MARY-LOU pulls at NEWTON's arm.

MARY-LOU
(whispers)
Come on, kneel. We're going to pray.

With great difficulty and some pain, NEWTON lowers himself as the congregation launches into the Lord's Prayer.

51. EXT. KENTUCKY HIGHWAY. DAY. 51.

NEWTON's limousine glides along the highway, passing a sign with the name of a town on it: 'Haneyville'.

52. EXT. KENTUCKY TOWN. DAY. 52.

The limousine drives through the town that NEWTON first came upon. The car is, in fact, entering the town from the opposite direction this time, so it may not be until it passes the side street with the store sign, 'The Jewel Box', that we realise where we are.

53. INT. LIMOUSINE. DAY. 53.

NEWTON, wearing his dark glasses, is looking out of the window. MARY-LOU is sitting beside him.

A horse is galloping across a field, almost keeping up with the car as it passes.

54. EXT. KENTUCKY COAL-MINE. DAY. 54.

The limousine pulls off the road and rumbles down a track towards the mine where we first met NEWTON.

ARTHUR stops the car and gets out. He opens the passenger door. NEWTON steps out, followed by MARY-LOU.

NEWTON carefully loads a camera with World Color film. The camera is an unusual design. It is a World Camera.

MARY-LOU
Why do you want a picture of that?

NEWTON
For my scrap-book.

MARY-LOU shrugs and looks at ARTHUR as NEWTON walks off towards the mine, pausing to take a picture as he goes.

He raises the camera to his eye.

REVERSE SHOT: From NEWTON's point of view through the reflex lens. The image of the mine is a 'fish-eye' picture, giving the impression that the mine and the surrounding landscape is a sphere, a planet.

There is a click. NEWTON lowers the camera from his eye. But the 'fish-eye' image doesn't disappear. With a 'fish-eye' POV SHOT, NEWTON turns back and walks to the car and we realise that this is the way he sees the world, and people, rounded into a sphere.

55. EXT. KENTUCKY FOREST. LAKE. SUNSET. 55.

The limousine now drives along a narrow road through a forest. Abruptly, the trees come to an end and a wide lake opens out in front of the car. The car stops.

ARTHUR gets out and opens the door for NEWTON and MARY-LOU. NEWTON and MARY-LOU walk slowly to the shore of the lake. The lake is ringed by tall trees.

55. CONTINUED: 55.

Behind the trees, on the far side, are the Kentucky Mountains, snow-capped in places.

The sun is just beginning to set.

A flight of birds circles the lake reflected in the still surface. It is an extraordinarily beautiful spot. A picture postcard. NEWTON and MARY-LOU stand like figures in a pictorial composition. A landscape painting.

MARY-LOU looks round.

MARY-LOU
Lord, I never thought Kentucky was beautiful. But this is beautiful. How did you find this place?

NEWTON
It's perfect, isn't it? Perfect. Perfect.

There is a crack in NEWTON's voice as he says 'Perfect'. He starts to make a strange crying sound.

MARY-LOU turns to him.

MARY-LOU
Are you all right, Tommy?

NEWTON says nothing but stares at the center of the lake. His lips are closed but we can still hear the squeaky crying sound coming from inside him, like a ventriloquist.

The CAMERA moves in towards his face.

MARY-LOU's voice saying 'Are you all right? Are you all right?' fades.

The CAMERA moves to the surface of the lake.

We CUT between the water and NEWTON's face as he stares at it. The crying sound is suddenly replaced by a piercing whistle. A long screaming monotone that seems to come not from NEWTON, but from the sky.

There is a rumbling and roaring sound which quickly becomes deafening as it explodes. The calm surface of the lake is shattered as a huge object emerges hurtling upwards from it. We cannot see properly what the object is as it flashes out of the water. A gleaming shape of some sort.

55. CONTINUED: 55.

(What we have seen in fact is the reverse of some kind of splash landing.)

NEWTON covers his eyes with his hands.

The explosion dies away.

We hear the screeching of birds overhead.

MARY-LOU is pulling him by the arm.

MARY-LOU
What is it? What did you see? You saw something.

NEWTON is trembling all over. He can't speak.

MARY-LOU looks at the surface of the lake. It is completely still.

ARTHUR has come up.

NEWTON takes deep breaths, one after another.

ARTHUR
Are you all right, sir?

MARY-LOU
I think we should get him back into the car. Mr. Sussex just isn't a well man.

56. INT. LIMOUSINE. NIGHT. 56.

NEWTON and MARY-LOU are sitting in the back. NEWTON is on the telephone. He has recovered.

NEWTON
(determinedly)
Tomorrow morning I want you to start work on a completely new project, Mr. Farnsworth. I want the entire resources of World Enterprises at the disposal of this project.

57. INT. FARNSWORTH'S APARTMENT. BEDROOM. NIGHT. 57

FARNSWORTH is in a bed on the telephone to NEWTON.

57. CONTINUED: 57

FARNSWORTH
(into telephone)
What is the nature of this project, Mr. Newton?

TREVOR appears in a dressing-gown.

He stands across the room watching FARNSWORTH. He senses that something important is being said.

58. INT. LIMOUSINE. NIGHT. 58

Resume NEWTON and MARY-LOU.

NEWTON
(into telephone)
You'll have to recruit some new men. Get some sleep Mr. Farnsworth. Good night.

NEWTON replaces the telephone in its cradle.

MARY-LOU looks at NEWTON.

MARY-LOU
What does that mean?

59. INT. FARNSWORTH'S APARTMENT. BEDROOM. NIGHT. 59

FARNSWORTH slowly replaces the receiver. Dressed in pajamas, TREVOR comes towards him.

TREVOR
What is it?

FARNSWORTH paces the bedroom collecting his thoughts.

FARNSWORTH
It's fantastic. From tomorrow we're embarking on a space program.

TREVOR
Space program? What for? I don't trust him.

FARNSWORTH
I don't trust you ... but that doesn't alter my feeling for you. Has Newton been wrong so far?

59. CONTINUED: 59.

TREVOR
No, but he's a freak. He'll come unstuck.

FARNSWORTH
I don't think so. I'm beginning to see what Newton's about. It's the future. Not tomorrow, but long term. He's like a child looking forward to her next birthday while she's celebrating this one. He just loves the future. It's as if he's got no real memory. He never thinks or talks about the past.

60. INT. HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT. 60.

The room is Japanese in design, but much taller than a conventional Japanese room.

The figures of a MAN and a WOMAN float in the center of the room. They turn and move in what resembles a space ballet. The MAN and the WOMAN circle each other, coming together and moving apart. They move slowly in an unusual gravity, not dissimilar to underwater swimming. The MAN is NEWTON. We do not recognise the WOMAN, except that we may assume it is his WIFE.

The sequence ends as the COUPLE come together in the space of the room and clasp each other, entwined in an embrace, turning slowly.

61. INT. HELICOPTER. DAY. 61.

BRYCE is looking out of the cabin of a helicopter. He looks down at the Kentucky landscape far below.

The helicopter passes over a shining lake set in a forest and surrounded by mountains, and then continues on to a valley. In the valley, in the shape of a cross, are two intersecting concrete landing strips.

All around the area, trees have been cut down to make room for some kind of development center.

As the helicopter descends, BRYCE sees that there are a number of single-storey buildings, of ranch design, spread around in the valley but in a circular geometry. In one area, there is a tall construction surrounded by scaffolding and covered in part by tarpaulins.

62. EXT. W.E. DEVELOPMENT CENTER. KENTUCKY. DAY. 62

The CAMERA PANS from NEWTON's black limousine as ARTHUR gets out and crosses to the descending helicopter.

BRYCE gets out of the helicopter and ARTHUR comes up to him.

ARTHUR
Dr. Bryce?

BRYCE
Yes.

ARTHUR
I am here to drive you to your laboratory and quarters.

In the background we see that the PILOT has brought from the helicopter BRYCE's large suitcase. He takes it to the black limousine.

BRYCE
I thought I'd be working here.

ARTHUR
You have your own department, Dr. Bryce. And, if I may say so, in much more pleasant surroundings.

ARTHUR takes the case and opens the trunk of the car and puts it in.

BRYCE gets into the car and closes the door.

From the top of the tall construction, the CAMERA looks down on the limousine as it drives off across the tarmac. The angle is strange and distorted.

63. EXT. KENTUCKY LAKE. DAY. 63

The limousine emerges from the forest track which opens out on to the lake we saw earlier, and moves along the lakeside to a low ranch-style house. The limousine pulls up outside. ARTHUR gets out and opens the door for BRYCE.

Across the lake, BRYCE sees a long flat white house among the trees. He notices too, that there is a small motor boat moored to a jetty which belongs to the house.

BRYCE sees that he too has a jetty in front of his house, but no boat.

63. CONTINUED: 63

BRYCE
Is that Mr. Farnsworth's house?

ARTHUR
No, sir. That belongs to Mr. Newton.

64. EXT. LAKE. NEWTON'S HOUSE. SUNSET. 64

The house is suffused in a golden glow.

The windows are smoked like NEWTON's limousine. They reflect the surrounding trees and sunset like black mirrors.

65. INT. NEWTON'S HOUSE. SUNSET. 65

The CAMERA moves with MARY-LOU as she walks through room after room of the house.

MARY-LOU is dressed in a white silk dressing-gown which brushes the floor. She is no thinner than she was, but she is older now, her hair long and well-cut.

She walks from the hall through a living-room into a kitchen, through a dining-room into another living-room, through a bedroom into a bathroom, through a dressing-room into a study. The entire house that NEWTON has built is on a single floor with interconnecting rooms. The style of decor is hard to pin down. It seems vaguely Japanese.

66. INT. NEWTON'S HOUSE. STUDY. SUNSET. 66

NEWTON, a glass in his hand, takes a steel ball, about one inch in diameter, from a bowl of steel balls.

NEWTON takes the ball to what looks like an ornate calculating machine. At the top of the machine, there is a short tube. NEWTON pops the ball into the tube. There are two clicks. NEWTON presses a blue button and waits.

There is a pause before music bursts forth from spherical speakers around the study.

NEWTON crosses and pours some gin into a glass.

He slumps into a chair, not even seeing MARY-LOU who has been standing in the doorway for a few moments. NEWTON looks up at her. He can hardly keep his eyes open.

66. CONTINUED: 66

MARY-LOU
Tommy, you've had enough. Come on.

She tries to take the glass away from him but he jerks it back towards him, spilling the drink over his pants.

NEWTON
(dreamily)
I don't want to speak to anyone.

MARY-LOU
Tommy, what's happened to you?

NEWTON
What's happened to me?

He gets drunkenly to his feet.

NEWTON
What is this music Farnsworth keeps sending me? I don't like it.

MARY-LOU
It's some German composer, Tommy.

NEWTON
I like to hear people singing. Let's have people singing. Find me some singing.

MARY-LOU crosses to the machine, presses a button and the music stops. The ball rolls out, she selects another from the bowl and pops it into the tube.

MARY-LOU's cat comes into the room as the music machine produces the David Bowie number 'Space Oddity'.

NEWTON sits back in another chair and listens to the music. If he understands the words, he shows no sign of it. He doesn't look at MARY-LOU.

The cat suddenly leaps onto his leg. He is startled. He pushes the cat off roughly.

MARY-LOU
I can't bear what's happening to you. Whatever it is.

66. CONTINUED: 66

MARY-LOU calls the cat and they both leave the study.

Using his remote control device taken from his pocket, NEWTON turns on a dozen TV sets one after another. There is no sound except Bowie's music.

We INTERCUT the different television channels as if they were a single program. The device makes complete nonsense of anything on any of the televisions.

The images of the state of America, the world, private detectives, etc., coupled with Bowie's music, suddenly seem utterly ridiculous.

One by one, NEWTON switches off the television sets using his remote control device.

NEWTON
(to himself)
Get out of my mind, all of you. Leave my mind alone. Stay where you belong. Go away. Back where you belong. All of you.

67. INT. BRYCE'S LABORATORY. DAY. 67

BRYCE is sitting at his work bench which is covered with papers. He is studying a silver file of chemical formulae written or printed on thin paper. He scratches his head. He doesn't understand. He takes a drink of Scotch.

Suddenly the telephone rings loudly. He jumps at the sound. BRYCE gets to his feet and crosses the lab to the desk with the telephone on it. He picks it up.

BRYCE
(into telephone)
Bryce ... yes ...
(surprised)
Oh? What, tomorrow at midday? ... Yes, I think so ... Why not right here? Yes ... Did Mr. Newton say why he wanted to see me? ... Very good.

Slowly, BRYCE replaces the receiver.

He stares at the telephone for a moment then picks up the receiver and dials.

67. CONTINUED: 67.

BRYCE
(into telephone)
Mr. Farnsworth please ... Well, can you try him at his home ... It's urgent.

BRYCE waits impatiently. Then he hears FARNSWORTH's voice.

BRYCE
Mr. Farnsworth this is Nathan Bryce. I'm sorry to call you so late. But there are some questions ... Yes, it's about the composition of tensile material ... Mr. Newton? Well he's just called me. Who exactly is Mr. Newton?

68. INT. FARNSWORTH'S PENTHOUSE. NIGHT. 68.

FARNSWORTH on the telephone.

FARNSWORTH
Mr. Newton will introduce himself to you Dr. Bryce. As far as the technical questions you have, you'll find that Mr. Newton will be able to answer them for you ... Good night Dr. Bryce.

FARNSWORTH replaces the receiver with a frown.

69. EXT. LAKE. NIGHT. 69.

BRYCE comes out of his lighted house and walks, drink in hand, down to the edge of the lake. He stares out across the calm water.

Flashing at the end of the jetty on the far side, in front of NEWTON's house, is a small blue light. BRYCE watches the flashing light and its star-like reflection in the water. Then, in CLOSE UP, he turns his eyes upwards to the clear sky, the full moon and the stars.

70. INT. BRYCE'S LABORATORY. DAY. 70.

BRYCE is collecting a number of pieces of black electrical equipment. They are strange parts of what appear to be cameras, or possibly guns. There are also two tripods. He collects them all and then leaves the laboratory.

71. INT. BRYCE'S HOUSE. LIVING-ROOM. DAY. 71

BRYCE sits down on the floor in front of a grill which conceals the central heating unit. He takes a screwdriver from his pocket and begins to unscrew the grill.

The equipment is in sections beside him.

72. INT. BRYCE'S HOUSE. LIVING-ROOM. DAY. 72

BRYCE now has the grill completely removed and has also unscrewed part of the central heating unit.

On a small tripod, he fixes the piece of black weapon-like equipment and places it where the central heating unit once stood, in the wall cavity.

He lines it up pointing directly at an armchair in the center of the room behind a coffee table.

He begins to re-attach the grill.

73. INT. BRYCE'S KITCHEN. DAY. 73

BRYCE takes a W.E. Camera and carefully loads it with special film. He winds it on. Then he attaches to the back of the camera a motor device with a small aerial. He goes back to the living-room.

74. INT. BRYCE'S LIVING-ROOM. DAY. 74

BRYCE crosses to another grill exactly opposite the first one on the other side of the room. He starts to unscrew the grill which is positioned behind the armchair and coffee table.

75. INT. BRYCE'S LIVING-ROOM. DAY. 75

BRYCE is pacing up and down. He looks at his digital watch. It reads 11.45.

He crosses to the window and looks out.

The CAMERA moves across the room towards the armchair.

76. INT. BRYCE'S LIVING-ROOM. DAY. 76

BRYCE looks at his watch. It is 12.10.

76. CONTINUED: 76.

He hears the sound of a motor boat. He goes to the window and sees a speedboat heading towards his jetty in an exact line from NEWTON's jetty across the lake.

BRYCE watches as the boat nears the lakeside and cuts the engines.

From the window, he sees ARHTUR get out and tie up the boat. There is no sign of NEWTON.

77. EXT. BRYCE'S HOUSE. DAY. 77.

BRYCE opens the door. He looks past ARTHUR to the speedboat. There is no one in it.

ARTHUR
Dr. Bryce, I've come to collect you.

BRYCE
(put out)
I thought Mr. Newton was coming here.

ARTHUR
Mr. Newton asked me to apologise and say that, for reasons he will explain later, he would prefer if you visited him.

BRYCE is disappointed. He slowly closes the front door and goes with ARTHUR to the speedboat.

He climbs in. ARTHUR gets in after him.

ARTHUR starts the powerful motor of the boat, turns the wheel and the craft moves in a spectacular arc heading towards the jetty across the lake.

78. INT. SPEEDBOAT. DAY. 78.

Through the windshield of the boat, BRYCE watches the jetty and the white house get nearer. As the boat races forward, having the effect of a fast forward tracking shot, the CAMERA simultaneously zooms out from the farther shore. The combined effect of a track in and zoom out is to create a sickening elastic scooping vision.

79. INT. LIMOUSINE. DAY. 79

BRYCE gets into the back of the limousine and sits down next to NEWTON. The TWO MEN shake hands.

BRYCE
I've been waiting a long time to meet you Mr. Newton.

NEWTON
How are you getting on?

BRYCE
Reading through the project file, well I have so many questions.

NEWTON
I would've thought you'd had your fill of answers, marking papers, seminars. I think you'll find this more to your liking. The work is more ... experimental.

BRYCE says nothing. He looks at NEWTON wondering.

NEWTON
I'll give you all the help I can, Dr. Bryce.

BRYCE leans back in the seat as ARTHUR starts the car and moves off.

NEWTON
It's an opportunity.

BRYCE
I hope I'm the right man.

NEWTON
You've always been interested in experimental work.

BRYCE
That's true.

NEWTON
It's just a matter of time.

80. EXT. W.E. DEVELOPMENT CENTER. DAY. 80

The limousine pulls to a halt beside the tall construction still encased in scaffolding.

BRYCE and NEWTON get out.

80. CONTINUED: 80.

BRYCE follows NEWTON through a doorway at the base of the construction. He looks up at the towering geometry before going inside.

81. INT. SPACE CAPSULE. DAY. (ARTIFICIAL LIGHT) 81.

The CAMERA, using a wide-angle lens, pans around the interior of a space capsule. It consists of nothing more than a small room, looking like the Apollo capsule interior, but more simple.

A circular metal door opens and NEWTON ushers BRYCE inside. It is only now as the TWO MEN come in and NEWTON closes the door, that we realise just how small this capsule interior is. There is barely room for one man to sit down, and the TWO MEN standing are forced into a close physical proximity. The scene which follows is physically awkward because of the cramped space.

BRYCE looks around.

BRYCE
So you're actually building a space vehicle?

NEWTON nods.

BRYCE
But why?

NEWTON
Because the time has come.

BRYCE
Surely there is no point in probing space further until 1982, when there will be a conjunction of the planets in our system.

NEWTON
Our system? I wanted to show you this to convince you that what we're doing is real and not an abstract experiment. I value your contribution.

BRYCE
I'm not sure what that's going to be. Heat resistance and acid stress are not in my field.

81. CONTINUED: 81

NEWTON
But fuel conservation is Dr. Bryce. And that may be the key to our project.

BRYCE
I'm intrigued.

NEWTON looks hard at BRYCE.

NEWTON
I know you are. Ask me.

BRYCE
What?

NEWTON
Ask me, Dr. Bryce. The question you've been wanting to ask since we met.

BRYCE
Are you Lithuanian?

NEWTON
I come from England.

BRYCE
(smiles)
That's not so terrible.
(looks around)
Is this a weapon?

NEWTON
A weapon?

BRYCE
It's too small for inter-planetary travel -

NEWTON
- So you assume it's a weapon. Does that matter to you?

BRYCE
If I though you were building a weapon and employing me to help you, I'd quit the project.

NEWTON
So now you're suspicious of me? Most people think I'm unnecessarily secretive.

81. CONTINUED: 81

BRYCE
If I were you I might be secretive.

NEWTON
Have you any idea what the burden of a real secret can be?
(looks round)
What do you think of this?

BRYCE
What do you mean?

NEWTON
Do you think you'd be comfortable in here?

BRYCE
I'd be okay for about twenty minutes.

NEWTON
And then?

BRYCE
(shrugs)
I'd start screaming. Who wouldn't? Last night I was watching some ex-astronauts on TV. They've got minds like spaghetti.

NEWTON
The strange thing about television is that it doesn't tell you everything. You see everything about life on earth and yet the true mysteries remain. Perhaps that's in the nature of television, just waves in space. 'Ironside', 'The Late Late Show', 'Johnny Carson', 'Cannon' .... They're just there, all of them ... travelling in space.
(pause)
Do you trust me, Dr. Bryce?

There is a long pause.

BRYCE
I think so.

81. CONTINUED: 81.

NEWTON
That's not good enough.

BRYCE
It's the best I can do. Put it this way, I want to. You see, Mr. Newton, I'm kind of a cliché. I'm the disillusioned scientist. That goes with the cynical writer, the alcoholic actor and the spaced-out space man. A man like you wouldn't understand a guy like me.

NEWTON
I'll try, Dr. Bryce.

BRYCE
Well anyway, 'Per adua ad astra.'

NEWTON
I beg your pardon?

BRYCE
'Per adua ad astra.' That's Latin.

NEWTON
(puzzled)
Latin?

BRYCE
You must know that in England ...

NEWTON
(uneasy)
Yes?

BRYCE
The Royal Air Force. Their motto.

NEWTON
Yes.

BRYCE
'Per adua ad astra.'
(smiles)
'Through difficulties ... to the stars.'

82. EXT. CENTRAL PARK. DAY. 82

FARNSWORTH is walking with a dark-suited business man called PETERS. PETERS is about forty-five years old with a gray crew cut. He looks ordinary enough, but there is something dangerous about him.

To outward appearances, the TWO MEN are taking an afternoon stroll.

FARNSWORTH
I've considered the matter and discussed it with ... my investors. I'm afraid, Mr. Peters, they are not interested in amalgamation.

PETERS
Pity. Great pity.

FARNSWORTH
Well, there we are.

FARNSWORTH smiles.

PETERS stops walking. He isn't smiling.

PETERS
Please reconsider, Mr. Farnsworth. I beg you to think again.

FARNSWORTH shakes his head.

PETERS
Pity.

A car pulls up beside the TWO MEN. A door opens silently. PETERS goes over to the car and gets in. He doesn't look back at FARNSWORTH.

83. EXT. LAKE. BRYCE'S HOUSE. DAY. 83

NEWTON's limousine pulls up outside the front door. ARTHUR gets out and opens the door for BRYCE.

BRYCE steps out of the car, then bends down and addresses NEWTON who is sitting in the back seat.

BRYCE
Won't you come in for a drink?

83. CONTINUED: 83.

NEWTON
(shakes his head)
Better not.

BRYCE
One.

84. INT. BRYCE'S LIVING-ROOM. EVENING. 84.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK from the sunset across the lake and PANS around the living-room to the television set.

There is a commercial on the screen which is advertising W.E. Cameras.

NEWTON is standing in the middle of the room watching it.

BRYCE is pouring drinks.

BRYCE
Just neat gin?

NEWTON
That's it.

Instead of giving the drink to NEWTON, BRYCE puts it on the wine table next to the armchair in the center of the room.

NEWTON pauses before sitting in the chair, which we know stands exactly between the two devices BRYCE had previously placed behind the central heating grills.

BRYCE watches nervously.

Slowly, (possibly in SLOW MOTION) NEWTON sits down. It is as if, by sitting down, he is condemned to the electric chair. On the television screen we see shots of the desert dissolving into waterfalls and a MAN photographed from behind who looks very like NEWTON taking photographs with his family.

We hear the COMMERCIAL VOICE.

VOICE OVER
The ultra-sensitivity of W.E. Cameras and Color, will print your memories forever. Neither you nor your family will grow old with W.E. technology -

84. CONTINUED: 84.

NEWTON
(interrupting)
- Turn if off.

From his pocket, BRYCE takes a device, which looks like a remote control TV operator. He switches it. There is a tiny click sound.

There are two sudden CLOSE-UPS of the two grills in the room. The television does not go off.

BRYCE clicks his device for the second time.

NEWTON
Is there a malfunction?

BRYCE
No, I don't think so.

He crosses to the television set and switches it off, manually.

NEWTON
(holding out his hand)
May I see that?

BRYCE casually puts the device back in his pocket.

BRYCE
It keeps going wrong. I'll get some more ice.

BRYCE goes into the kitchen.

Through the door, NEWTON sees BRYCE open the refrigerator and take out some ice cubes, putting them in a large glass. He comes back into the living-room.

NEWTON
Let me see that.

BRYCE takes from his pocket a television remote control unit. It is not the same piece of equipment as he used before. NEWTON takes the remote controller and switches on the television.

NEWTON
It seems to work now.

BRYCE puts some ice into his drinks.

84. CONTINUED: 84.

BRYCE
You've just got the touch, Mr. Newton.

NEWTON switches the television set off.

BRYCE
Why does the guy in the W.E. television commercials look like you?

NEWTON
Does he? He's just a family man. Our W.E. products appeal to families. Are you a family man, Dr. Bryce?

BRYCE nods.

NEWTON
Where are they?

BRYCE
They live in Los Angeles.

NEWTON
Why aren't you with them?

BRYCE
Well, we're separated, my wife and I. But I see my daughter.

NEWTON
A man should spend time with his family.

85. INT. LIMOUSINE. EVENING. 85.

ARTHUR is listening to a radio broadcast.

He looks towards BRYCE's house and the lighted living-room.

86. INT. BRYCE'S LIVING-ROOM. NIGHT. 86.

BRYCE shakily pours NEWTON, now sitting in another chair, some gin. He returns to the liquor tray and pours himself a Scotch.

NEWTON
I must go.

86. CONTINUED: 86.

NEWTON tries to get to his feet but does not succeed first time and sinks back into the chair.

NEWTON
I must go.

BRYCE
(woozily)
We're all going sooner or later.

NEWTON
(speaking with difficulty)
How long will it take you to complete the fuel tanks?

BRYCE
To construct them and -

NEWTON
- Everything. How long?

BRYCE
About six months.

NEWTON
That's too long.

BRYCE
Why? Why is that too long?

NEWTON stares at BRYCE.

NEWTON
You put alcohol in my drink.

NEWTON tries to get to his feet. BRYCE comes forward to help him. He puts his arm round NEWTON and leads him to the door.

87. EXT. BRYCE'S HOUSE. NIGHT. 87.

The front door opens and BRYCE and NEWTON stagger out.

ARTHUR hurriedly gets out of the limousine and helps NEWTON into the back of the car.

ARTHUR looks hard at BRYCE as he closes the passenger door. There is condemnation in his eyes. ARTHUR gets into the car and drives off. The headlamps light up the road around the lakeside.

87. CONTINUED: 87.

BRYCE watches the car go, swaying.

Then, when it is out of sight, he turns and walks quite steadily back into the house.

He closes the door.

88. INT. BRYCE'S HOUSE. NIGHT. 88.

BRYCE unscrews the central heating grill and removes the camera.

He takes it into the kitchen.

BRYCE switches on the kitchen light. He starts to wind back the film in the camera before removing the special W.E. cassette from the back.

Very slowly, BRYCE pulls the film from the cassette. He holds the stock up to the light. To begin with, it is black; then two images appear. The film images are X-rays of NEWTON sitting in the armchair.

The bone structure of NEWTON seems strange. There are areas where there should be bones and yet there are none to be seen. BRYCE stares at the X-ray images. He wonders about them. He puts the film down on the kitchen table. He checks the camera for a fault.

BRYCE paces about the room. He walks out of the kitchen back into the living-room, disappearing from sight. We hear the sound of ice cubes dropping into a glass and the gurgling of whiskey being poured.

89. INT. NEWTON'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY. 89.

MARY-LOU is baking cookies. NEWTON is with her.

NEWTON
You can stay on here. The house is yours. I've transferred two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to your bank account.

MARY-LOU starts to cry.

MARY-LOU
I don't want the house or your money. I want to be with you.

89. CONTINUED: 89.

NEWTON reaches out his hand and touches her tear-stained cheek.

NEWTON
I can't explain it to you completely, but if I stay here I shall die.

MARY-LOU
What do you mean? Take me with you. I'll see that you don't die.

There is a pause. MARY-LOU's look of desperate hope turns to anger.

MARY-LOU
You're an alien. Do you know what would happen if they discovered your visa had expired?

NEWTON
I have to go.

MARY-LOU
You don't know. How could you? You're simple. You don't understand how we live here.
(pause)
Oh come on, Tommy, don't go now. Give us another chance. You won't find anyone else like me you know. You won't find anyone who'd do for you what I've done for you. It's your wife isn't it?
(pause)
I'll bet she's no bloody good.

NEWTON stares at MARY-LOU.

He starts to walk out of the kitchen.

MARY-LOU hurries after him and pulls him back. She tears the buttons off his shirt and runs her hands over his chest.

MARY-LOU
I can't let you go. Not now.

The oven timer rings.

89. CONTINUED: 89.

MARY-LOU turns to it with tears streaming down her face as she takes the cookies from the oven. She slides them from the baking dish onto a plate. She holds the plate to NEWTON. Suddenly, NEWTON brings up his hand and knocks the plate and the cookies into the air.

In Ultra Slow Motion we see the plate and cookies turning slowly in the air, like flying saucers.

Suddenly we CUT TO the plate falling, at normal speed, on to the kitchen floor. It smashes with a loud crack.

90. INT. NEWTON'S HOUSE. BATHROOM. NIGHT. 90.

NEWTON comes into the bathroom and locks the door. He carries a bottle of gin. He lurches across the bathroom and locks the door opposite. He raises the bottle to his lips and examines himself in the bathroom mirror. He fingers his ear, then starts to unbutton his shirt. He pulls it open, baring his chest.

NEWTON takes a pair of MARY-LOU's tweezers from the bathroom cupboard. He puts the tweezers close to his eye as if he is going to remove a lash. His eyes blink.

We hear some strange clicking sounds.

CLOSE UP: The back of NEWTON's head as he stares at himself in the mirror.

We hear the faint sound of slowly tearing paper or cloth. NEWTON's lips move. He emits the high squeaky noises we heard when he previously came to the lake.

There is the sound of knocking. We hear MARY-LOU'S VOICE.

MARY-LOU
Tommy? Tommy, are you all right?

We do not see NEWTON's face, just the back of his head.

91. INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT. 91.

MARY-LOU is knocking at the door to the bathroom.

MARY-LOU
Tommy can you hear me? Let me in.

She starts to thump on the door. Her shouts now have a note of fear.

92. INT. BATHROOM. NIGHT. 92.

CLOSE UP: NEWTON's hand. He extends it to the door only and pauses before turning the key. We see that his hand now has no finger-nails, just delicate, tapering fingers. These fingers turn the key and slowly the hand pulls the door back.

93. INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT. 93.

The door opens like a curtain being drawn back. MARY-LOU stares incredulously at NEWTON.

NEWTON faces MARY-LOU in the doorway of the bathroom, naked. He has no finger-nails on his hands, no hair or nipples on his chest, his ears have no lobes. But the most astounding feature of his transformation is his eyes. They are no longer human, but cat's eyes with the irises vertical rather than horizontal.

MARY-LOU screams. Then again.

She stares at his cat's eyes and his chest without hair or nipples.

NEWTON
Stop screaming. Do you hear me?
Stop screaming.

MARY-LOU with tears in her eyes, holds her hand over her mouth in an attempt to stop screaming.

NEWTON
You wanted to know who I am.
Well, this is me. Is it so
terrible?

MARY-LOU shakes her head and staggers forward into the bathroom.

94. INT. BATHROOM. NIGHT. 94.

MARY-LOU vomits into the basin.

Very slowly she raises her head and looks at NEWTON reflected in the mirror over the basin.

He is running some water into a glass which he hands out to her.

NEWTON
Here.

94. CONTINUED: 94.

MARY-LOU turns, fearfully, and with a shaking hand takes the glass. She sees that the fingers holding the glass have no nails.

NEWTON
Are you afraid of me, Mary-Lou?

MARY-LOU takes the glass and drinks the water.

NEWTON picks up a face towel and reaches out to wipe her lips at full arms' length.

For a moment, MARY-LOU shrinks back and then, slowly overcoming her fear, allows NEWTON to wipe her mouth with the towel.

NEWTON turns and walks out of the bathroom, leaving MARY-LOU shaking. She closes her eyes and opens them again.

95. INT. NEWTON'S HOUSE: BEDROOM. NIGHT. 95.

NEWTON is lying on top of the bed staring up at the ceiling. He closes his cat's eyes.

We DISSOLVE TO:

A reprise of the previous scene where NEWTON and his WIFE were turning in the space of the hotel room. NEWTON opens his eyes.

MARY-LOU is standing in the doorway. Tears are streaming down her face as she looks at NEWTON in bed. MARY-LOU starts towards him in a kind of trance. She bends down beside the bed and looks at him. We DISSOLVE from her eyes to NEWTON's and back again.

CLOSE UP: MARY-LOU's hands. She starts to untie the bow of her white dressing gown sash. Then slowly she stands up. She takes one of NEWTON's hands in hers and looks at it. She pulls the fingers to her lips. NEWTON is unmoving.

MARY-LOU
(whispering)
I lifted you up once.

96. We DISSOLVE TO: A dazzling star-filled sky. A small silver vehicle comes out of the stars slowly towards us. It seems to flash itself like a star. 96.

We hear Elton John's song 'Rocket Man', 'She packed my bags last night'.

97. MARY-LOU lies down naked on the bed next to NEWTON. She begins, fascinated, to touch NEWTON's body. NEWTON remains impassive. Then very slowly he responds by touching MARY-LOU's eyebrows her mouth and teeth, her breasts, her thighs, her toe nails. Slowly NEWTON raises himself up to bend over MARY-LOU. 97.

The CAMERA, shooting from overhead, turns and cranes down at the same time, creating a movement similar to the two figures in space.

Suddenly we hear MARY-LOU gasping and shouting.

MARY-LOU
No. No. No.

MARY-LOU pulls away from NEWTON, gets off the bed and backs away.

She turns and runs out of the bedroom.

CLOSE UP: NEWTON's eyes. He blinks.

CLOSE UP: MARY-LOU's white dressing gown rumpled on the floor.

98. INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT. 98.

A FISH-EYE shot of the kitchen. MARY-LOU is huddled in the far corner, sobbing.

99. INT. BATHROOM. NIGHT. 99.

In EXTREME CLOSE UP we see NEWTON holding the tweezers, now huge on the screen.

Gradually and frighteningly shakily, the tweezers replace a membrane like a contact lens. The membrane consists of a mask of a human eye.

NEWTON stares at himself with one cat's eye and one human eye. Slowly he brings the tweezers up and repeats the action on the other eye, replacing a fake membrane which has masked his real eyes.

NEWTON now starts to emit his high squeaky noises.

The CAMERA moves in to his reflection in the mirror.

He blinks. In one eye, very slowly, a tiny drop of water gathers in the corner.

The other eye remains unblinking.

99. CONTINUED: 99.

Slowly, but surely a tear develops, glistening in the one eye. It starts gently to run down NEWTON's cheek.

We now see a series of details from the earlier scene in the desert landscape where the MAN left the WOMAN and CHILDREN to begin the train journey. We see a CLOSE UP of two hands moving towards each other, touching for a second and then parting. We see that the hands have long slim fingers, but no nails.

The tear rolls on down NEWTON's cheek past his nose.

We DISSOLVE back into the CHILDREN's hands, also without fingernails, touching the large fingertips of their father.

The tear is now gathering in the corner of NEWTON's mouth. He wipes it away with his hand and stares at his hand. NEWTON's face in CLOSE UP, DISSOLVES into the face of a WOMAN of striking appearance and indeterminate age.

She looks very much like NEWTON. The color and cut of her hair is different from his but her eyes are identical, like a cat's. We think we are looking at a silver-framed photograph of the WOMAN, and then after a long immobile pause, her eyes blink. It is the face of NEWTON's wife.

100. EXT. NEWTON'S HOUSE: JETTY. NIGHT. 100.

NEWTON is standing, now redressed and redisguised as a human being, looking out across the lake at BRYCE's house where a single light burns in the window.

MARY-LOU, dressed, walks towards him along the jetty. She comes up behind NEWTON. She touches his hand. Slowly he moves away.

The flashing blue light at the end of the jetty colors their faces in the night.

MARY-LOU
You must hate me.

NEWTON
No, I don't. I don't hate anyone. I can't.

MARY-LOU
Your wife's out there somewhere, isn't she?

NEWTON says nothing.

100. CONTINUED: 100

MARY-LOU
She's waiting for you. Your children, they must miss their Dad. What are they like, your children?

NEWTON
They're like children. Exactly like children.

MARY-LOU turns and walks back along the jetty towards the house.

NEWTON stays.

101. EXT. LANDSCAPE. DAY. 101

The CAMERA PANS around the same kind of landscape we have seen before: dry, gray, forlorn.

The sky is blue-green.

The CAMERA PANS to what looks like a tent and moves in towards it.

102. EXT. LANDSCAPE: TENT. DAY. 102

A WOMAN is sitting, her knees folded under her, on the ground. She is looking down at a piece of radio receiving equipment two or three feet in front of her.

On a small screen is the W.E. Commercial.

The CAMERA moves round from the back of the WOMAN's head to her face. We see that it is the striking face of the WOMAN with the cat's eyes, the WOMAN we have seen before as the photograph of NEWTON's wife.

A CHILD crawls out of the tent towards the WOMAN.

The CHILD too has the same cat's eyes. The CHILD is unable to reach the mother, but stops on the dusty desert surface. The WOMAN turns and leans over towards the CHILD. She puts out her hand to touch the CHILD's face.

As the WOMAN's fingers rest on the forehead of the CHILD the WOMAN starts to emit the same squeaking noises we heard from NEWTON when he remembered how he fell to earth. The CHILD is dead.

103. EXT. DESERT. LATE AFTERNOON. 103

An arid South-Western desert landscape, gold and crimson in the sinking sunlight. Far in the distance a car drives through the landscape, pulling a trail of dust. Strangely, we hear the sound, not of the approaching car, but of galloping horses followed by gunshots.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK from the view of the landscape into the doorway of a shack.

104. INT. DESERT SHACK. LATE AFTERNOON. 104

NEWTON is sitting on a canvas chair watching a battery-powered television set which is showing a Western. Through the open door NEWTON sees the dust from the approaching car. He gets to his feet.

105. EXT. DESERT SHACK. LATE AFTERNOON. 105

The car pulls up in a cloud of dust and a MAN gets out. BRYCE emerges from the dust cloud, thick in the sunlight, and walks towards NEWTON.

NEWTON
I'm glad you came. I hoped you would.

BRYCE says nothing.

NEWTON
I realise you've made certain assumptions about me.

NEWTON raises his dark glasses and looks at BRYCE.

NEWTON
I can see the flash of an X-ray camera. It's almost blinding.

BRYCE
Why did you come here?

NEWTON
Where I come from there is a terrible drought. We saw pictures of your planet on television. We saw the water. In fact, our word for the Earth means planet of water.

105. CONTINUED: 105

BRYCE
(amazed)
You can see our television programs?
(NEWTON nods)
Where exactly do you come from?

NEWTON looks up at the sky. We can begin to see twinklings of stars as the sun is setting.

NEWTON
I'm not an astronomer. But it's somewhere down there.

BRYCE
Are you the first?

NEWTON
The first what? Visitor? There have always been visitors. On my own planet we've found evidence of visitors. You must have seen them here.

We INTERCUT a series of aerial shots of strangely marked-out areas in Central and South America which look like deserted landing strips, airfields carved in the desert.

BRYCE
I don't think so.

NEWTON
I've seen them. I've seen their footsteps and their places.

We INTERCUT a series of shots of huge carved stone steps, giant statues, representations of huge beings or Gods.

BRYCE
I've seen those things, too. We've all seen them. That's for the theorists. I'm a scientist.

NEWTON
I'm not a scientist. But I know that all things begin and end in eternity.

A Montage of ancient drawings in museums and in their original places in Africa and America. All the drawings have one feature in common: they depict men in what look like space helmets, flying Gods, suggesting interplanetary travel.

105. CONTINUED: 105.

BRYCE
What are you going to do?

NEWTON
You mean, Dr. Bryce, what's in my mind?

BRYCE
Yes. What's in your mind?

NEWTON shakes his head.

NEWTON
Don't worry. I don't want to hurt you.

106. INT. FARNSWORTH'S PENTHOUSE. NIGHT. 106.

FARNSWORTH is sitting smoking in an armchair. TREVOR is pacing about the room.

TREVOR
I think you should get out of this now. Leave the company Oliver.

FARNSWORTH shakes his head.

TREVOR
We don't need Newton.

FARNSWORTH
I feel so sorry for him.

TREVOR
(angry)
Sorry for him! Why?

FARNSWORTH
Because he can't help it.

The CAMERA PANS round the room and ZOOMS slowly towards the sculpture of Jesus Christ.

107. EXT. DESERT SHACK. NIGHT. 107.

A wood fire is burning in the darkness outside NEWTON's shack. NEWTON and BRYCE are sitting across the fire from one another. Each has a glass in his hand.

107. CONTINUED: 107

BRYCE
Mary-Lou's still living in the house. I've seen her a few times.

NEWTON
How is she?

BRYCE
She knows, doesn't she?

NEWTON
(nods)
I trust you both.

108. INT. NEWTON'S HOUSE. NIGHT. 108

MARY-LOU is lying on NEWTON's bed in her white dressing gown, sobbing.

109. EXT. LANDSCAPE. DAY. 109

A WOMAN is lying full length, her cat's eyes looking up at the sky.

The CAMERA is in space, midnight blue, starry, infinite. The turning body of a long-lost ASTRONAUT floats across the screen.

NEWTON'S VOICE
What's the time?

BRYCE'S VOICE
It's late. Past midnight.

NEWTON'S VOICE
Is time on my side?

110. EXT. LAUNCHING PAD. DAY. 110

An explosion of sound after the silence of space.

A huge rocket lifts off in a sheet of flame, cloud of smoke and falling debris.

The CAMERA moves with the rocket as it roars upwards, deafeningly, to the pale blue sky.

The rocket leaves the frame.

111. EXT. W.E. DEVELOPMENT CENTER. NIGHT. 111

The rocket is ready for lift off.

There are HUNDREDS of PEOPLE milling around. WORKERS on the site, GUARDS, PRESS MEN, EX-ASTRONAUTS.

The CAMERA moves through the CROWD to reach NEWTON and BRYCE standing together.

NEWTON is dressed in a silver space suit, thin chromium goggles. He carries a silver helmet. Unlike the conventional astronaut appearance, NEWTON's is slim and elegant, delicate and ghostly.

NEWTON
We've made it.

BRYCE
You've made it.

BRYCE pours two drinks from a bottle. He hands a glass to NEWTON. They look at each other and raise their glasses.

They drink. As they do, a crowd of PEOPLE surges forward and someone knocks into them, spilling the drinks.

112. INT. FARNSWORTH'S PENTHOUSE. NIGHT. 112

Over FARNSWORTH's high-powered radio transmitter/ receiver we hear the sound from the launch pad. Scores of VOICES raised.

FARNSWORTH turns to MARY-LOU and hands her an envelope.

FARNSWORTH
Thank you.

Tears are streaming down MARY-LOU's face as she opens the envelope and sees the wad of thousand dollar bills.

113. EXT. W.E. DEVELOPMENT CENTER. NIGHT. 113

As the excited CROWD surges noisily out of control, BRYCE is pushed away from NEWTON.

113. CONTINUED: 113.

He tries to fight back but the force of the CROWD is too strong. He waves to NEWTON and shouts above the CROWD.

BRYCE
Good luck. Good luck.

NEWTON tries for a moment to follow BRYCE, but it's impossible. He looks round, pressed on all sides by PEOPLE, their faces lit like masks from the overhead flood-lighting.

NEWTON stares through his goggles at the faces. They seem gross and threatening. He looks back and forth.

ARTHUR appears with a GUARD. They push their way through the CROWD to NEWTON who is now frightened by the noise.

ARTHUR goes with NEWTON and the GUARD as they force a path through the CROWD.

In the commotion, NEWTON lets fall his helmet which is kicked and knocked about by the feet of the CROWD.

The GUARD moves PEOPLE back as ARTHUR ushers NEWTON into the safety of the back of the limousine.

114. INT. LIMOUSINE. NIGHT. 114.

ARTHUR gets in and slowly drives the car using the horn to get away through the PEOPLE.

Faces peer in through the smoked windows of the car. Flash-bulbs explode.

Enmeshed in the middle of the swirling CROWD, BRYCE is looking desperately for NEWTON.

115. EXT. W.E. DEVELOPMENT CENTER. NIGHT. 115.

The car moves out of the Center.

ARTHUR shows a special pass at each of the checkpoints.

116. INT. SWIMMING POOL. NIGHT. 116

A small private pool in a house. The pool is lit from below. The water shines with a luminous blue light.

PETERS, the man who was in the park with FARNSWORTH, is wearing bathing shorts, walks along the side of the pool towards the diving board. The man's figure is superb: muscular, tense, a perfect human specimen.

117. EXT. KENTUCKY HIGHWAY. NIGHT. 117

The limousine glides along the highway and pulls in at a filling station.

118. EXT. FILLING STATION. NIGHT. 118

The limousine pulls to a halt beside a gas pump.

A FILLING STATION ATTENDANT comes up and looks admiringly and with curiosity at the limousine.

ATTENDANT
How many does she take?

ARTHUR
Thirty-five.

The ATTENDANT starts to fill up the tanks with W.E. Standard Gas. Each pump has an aluminum 'W.E.-S' head.

119. INT. FARNSWORTH'S APARTMENT BUILDING. PASSAGE. NIGHT. 119.

The elevator doors open. TWO MEN step out. They wear suits, but their heads are encased in gold crash helmets with riot control visors. They look like half-dressed astronauts. Sinister and even faintly funny.

The TWO MEN look this way and that before walking down the deserted passage to an apartment doorway. They ring the bell.

120. INT. SWIMMING POOL. NIGHT. 120.

PETERS climbs up on to the diving board, and prepares to dive.

121. INT. LIMOUSINE. NIGHT. 121.

NEWTON is sitting in the back. He leans towards the intercom.

NEWTON
Arthur...

There is no reply. NEWTON removes his goggles.

NEWTON
Arthur ... can you hear me?

ARTHUR does not hear NEWTON.

122. INT. FARNSWORTH'S APARTMENT. NIGHT. 122.

FARNSWORTH is staring straight at the CAMERA. He starts to back away. As he crosses the room, TWO MEN come into frame from either side behind the CAMERA, and advance towards him. They move quickly forward and grab FARNSWORTH. He shouts.

The TWO MEN pick him up. ONE MAN takes FARNSWORTH's shoulders, the OTHER MAN takes his ankles. They start to swing him, like a child they are playing with. FARNSWORTH is screaming for TREVOR.

The TWO MEN build up a great swinging movement and hurl FARNSWORTH at the picture window.

He cries out as his body flies through the air and hits the glass.

The thick glass cracks, but does not break and FARNSWORTH falls to the floor of his apartment.

123. INT. LIMOUSINE. NIGHT. 123.

NEWTON taps urgently on the glass panel.

ARTHUR pays no attention.

NEWTON
Arthur ... what's the matter?

124. INT. SWIMMING POOL. NIGHT. 124.

PETERS dives into the pool. A beautiful dive. He surfaces.

125. INT. FARNSWORTH'S APARTMENT. NIGHT. 125

Their helmets gleam as the TWO MEN move forward again, like zombies.

They pick up FARNSWORTH'S body and step back from the window to swing him again, this time with a more determined effort. They let go of the body again and this time FARNSWORTH crashes through the cracked window.

The MEN turn to leave the room. TREVOR stands in the doorway. We hear only the MEN'S VOICES, slightly muffled, in their helmets.

FIRST MAN
Well, bright boy, what are we going to do with you?

SECOND MAN
We can't just leave you.

126. INT. LIMOUSINE. NIGHT. 126

NEWTON is trying desperately to get out of the limousine, but all the doors are locked.

NEWTON is gasping for breath.

ARTHUR drives on, not looking around.

We hear the voices from the previous scene.

FIRST MAN'S VOICE
And we can't take you, bright boy.

TREVOR'S VOICE
(desperately)
You said you wouldn't do anything.

127. INT. FARNSWORTH'S APARTMENT. NIGHT. 127.

Resume the TWO MEN and TREVOR.

FIRST MAN
(looking at the SECOND MAN)
It's a hell of a thing.

SECOND MAN
It's an awful thing.

The TWO MEN move towards TREVOR.

128. INT. SWIMMING POOL. NIGHT. 128.

PETERS hauls himself out of the pool with an easy movement. A WOMAN, incredibly beautiful, wearing only the bottom half of a bikini, stands by the pool. PETERS comes up to her and crushes her in his arms.

A commercial for healthy bodies.

On the soundtrack we hear the rest of the scene in FARNSWORTH'S apartment.

TREVOR'S VOICE
What are you going to do?

FIRST MAN
Don't think about it.

SECOND MAN
It's better not to.

As PETERS kisses the WOMAN with open-mouthed hunger, we hear TREVOR'S blood-curdling scream.

129. INT. LIMOUSINE. NIGHT. 129.

The CAMERA zooms into NEWTON'S fearful face.

NEWTON
Where are you taking me?
Where am I going?

130. EXT. HIGHWAY. NIGHT. 130.

The black limousine roars past the CAMERA, its headlamps blazing, along the deserted highway.

131. EXT. CITY STREETS. DAY/NIGHT. 131.

An explosion of city sounds: voices, traffic, trains. A Montage of very fast tracking shots through streets, buildings, subways, fairgrounds, freeways, parking lots. These are racing, wide-angled images, highly-colored, accompanied by a chaos of sound, distorted pictures of modern city life.

The CAMERA tears through the streets crowded with shoppers and office workers. We see that it is Christmas time. Grotesque CLOSE UPS of Father Christmas, shop window Nativities, and colored lights.

Sudden silence.

132. EXT. LANDSCAPES. DAY. 132.

In silence now, the CAMERA races across lakes, along desert roads, over the top of forests; across the ocean, past mountains, through valleys and, finally, soaring above the clouds and on into blue space.

133. INT. OFFICE BUILDING. DAY. (ARTIFICIAL LIGHT) 133.

The CAMERA continues the forward tracking movement down a long deserted corridor of an office building. When the CAMERA reaches the end of the passage, it turns the corner and starts down another long, deserted corridor.

We do not know where we are. To begin with, we think it is an office building. Then, as the CAMERA turns another corner, the decor changes. Now we might be in a deserted hotel. The CAMERA slows finally to a halt as it reaches a pair of large double doors at the end of the passage. The doors are at the entrance to some kind of suite.

134. INT. SUITE. DAY. 134.

The CAMERA drifts through the rooms of the suite. Again the decor is poised somewhere between office and hotel. One or two of the rooms are in a state of disorder as if in the process of decoration. Others are completely furnished, even over-furnished, and in various styles from Louis XV to Albrizzi. Suddenly, a WAITER, pushing a trolley, appears out of one of the rooms and the CAMERA now moves with him.

He reaches a door and knocks on it. The WAITER waits. There is no answer.

He knocks again. The WAITER peers through a spy hole into the room.

From the WAITER's point of view we see, in a 'Fish-Eye' image, a bedroom. NEWTON is in bed.

135. INT. NEWTON'S BEDROOM. DAY. 135.

NEWTON is sitting up in a four poster bed watching television. We now see that the style of the bedroom is Tudor.

The television is three or four times the size of the average set. It is a W.E. Television and the quality of the picture is extraordinary.

NEWTON is watching CANUTTI talking to an INTERVIEWER.

As NEWTON watches, the WAITER comes into the bedroom wheeling the trolley.

135. CONTINUED. 135

CANUTTI
I remember it very well. The day I bought a cassette of W.E. Film. After I'd exposed it, I began to examine it and then I took it back to my lab and worked all night on it. I have to confess that I did not understand the chemical formula involved in the development of this kind of film. It was clear to me, however, that I had hit upon something extraordinary.

The WAITER pulls the trolley to a stop beside NEWTON'S bed and reaches over to press a button which turns the television off.

WAITER
Good morning, Mr. Newton. I hope you slept well.

NEWTON
I feel so tired.

The WAITER opens the trolley, pulling back the sliding door to reveal a liquor cabinet.

WAITER
How about a nice refreshing Martini?

NEWTON nods.

WAITER
Just the way you like it. Not too cold.

The WAITER pours and stirs NEWTON a large Martini which he hands him.

WAITER
Now, it's a beautiful day.

The WAITER crosses the room and presses a button to pull back the electrically operated drapes. The sun streams in blindingly.

NEWTON fumbles for his dark glasses and puts them on.

135. CONTINUED. 135

The CAMERA moves to the window. There is nothing to be seen except the clear blue sky. As the CAMERA cranes up, we see below the window a blanket of white cloud.

NEWTON drinks the Martini down.

The WAITER comes back to him, smiles and pours him another.

136. INT. NEWTON'S SUITE : ROOM. DAY. 136

A room furnished with Bauhaus furniture.

NEWTON is sitting in his dressing gown and pajamas watching television.

There is a knock at the door and NEWTON switches off the television and turns as DR. MARTINEZ comes in. DR. MARTINEZ is a Mexican-American. He carries a file with him.

DR. MARTINEZ
I'm sorry to worry you again, Mr. Newton, but I'm afraid we must do another small test.

Following MARTINEZ comes a NURSE. She carries a hypodermic needle. From a small case she removes a dose of nembucaine. The NURSE silently fills the hypodermic syringe.

NEWTON
I've told you everything. You're just going to hurt me again.

DR. MARTINEZ
Would you take off your pajama top, please.

NEWTON reluctantly obeys. We see that he looks completely human.

The NURSE finds a spot in NEWTON'S back and injects him in his spine.

NEWTON gasps at the stab of the injection.

NEWTON
I came alone. I told you.

DR. MARTINEZ
And nobody saw you.

NEWTON
Nobody.

137. EXT. COALFIELD : KENTUCKY. DAWN. (FLASHBACK) 137

The CAMERA picks out the FIGURE of NEWTON walking along the rim of a slagheap. He is silhouetted against the gradually lightening skyline.

Slowly, the CAMERA pans around the skyline and picks up, in the distance, the outline of ANOTHER MAN standing completely still.

This is a continuation of the first shot of the film.

138. INT. OFFICE BUILDING. DAY. (ARTIFICIAL LIGHT) 138

At the end of the corridor, the elevator doors open and MARY-LOU appears. She starts down the corridor towards the double doors at the far end. She breaks into a run.

MARY-LOU is excited and expectant. She slows at the doors, suddenly apprehensive. She knocks.

Nothing happens. She knocks again. No answer.

She reaches out to the handle and turns it. The door opens easily. Surprised, MARY-LOU goes in, closing the door behind her.

The elevator doors at the far end of the corridor, having remained open, now close.

139. INT. NEWTON'S SUITE. DAY. 139

MARY-LOU walks through the rooms of NEWTON'S suite. She looks around her like a visitor to a palace in a strange fairy-tale land. She hears some pop music and follows it to its source. The sound gets louder.

Eventually MARY-LOU arrives at the bedroom door which is ajar. Slowly MARY-LOU pushes the door open.

140. INT. NEWTON'S SUITE : BEDROOM. DAY. 140

NEWTON, in bed, drunk, only slowly becomes aware of MARY-LOU'S presence.

She watches him from the door. Tears well up in her eyes. MARY-LOU goes towards him.

They embrace. She kisses him all over his face.

MARY-LOU
Oh, Tommy, I thought I'd never

140. CONTINUED. 14

MARY-LOU (cont.)
see you again. Do they... do they know?

NEWTON
Know what?

MARY-LOU
About you.

NEWTON
(suddenly)
How did you get in here?

MARY-LOU
I don't know. I just opened the door.

NEWTON
The double doors?

MARY-LOU
Yes, why?

NEWTON starts out of the room.

MARY-LOU
Where are you going?

She hurries after him.

141. INT. NEWTON'S SUITE. DAY. 141.

The CAMERA moves quickly with NEWTON as he hurries through the rooms to the front double doors.

He gets to the doors and pulls them. They are locked. NEWTON pulls as hard as he can.

The CAMERA pulls back from the doors in the passage, farther and farther away towards the elevator.

142. INT. NEWTON'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. 142

MARY-LOU is lying on the bed in her underclothes. The four poster is completely covered with trays and plates of food, far more than two people could eat. A selection of bottles stands on the bedside table.

MARY-LOU pours herself a drink and watches NEWTON, who is standing by the window across the room.

142. CONTINUED: 142

NEWTON is loading a gun with bullets, a Colt .45. He stirs his drink with the barrel and then licks it.

MARY-LOU
You never get sick. What happens to you when you drink?

NEWTON
I see things.

MARY-LOU
What things?

NEWTON
Bodies.

MARY-LOU
Women?

NEWTON
And men.

143. EXT. GARDEN. DAY. 143

Beneath the blue-green sky, TWO CHILDREN are playing in a strange garden. The grass is yellow. The flowers are strange in color and texture.

As ONE of the CHILDREN brushes against a flower the bloom crumbles to powder.

In the garden there is a square pond, but no water in it. Fish or birds are fixed inside the empty pond like specimens in a glass museum case.

NEWTON is at the window of his house, a long low Japanese-style building. NEWTON'S WIFE comes out into the garden and calls the CHILDREN in a high-pitched squeaky voice.

From NEWTON'S point of view at the window, we look down at his family in the garden.

The image DISSOLVES into a 'Fish-Eye' picture of the scene.

144. INT. NEWTON'S SUITE : BEDROOM. NIGHT 144

Resume MARY-LOU and NEWTON.

MARY-LOU
I want it. I've been dreaming of it, Tommy. Please.

144. CONTINUED. 14

NEWTON shakes his head. He toys with his gun.

MARY-LOU
Come on.

NEWTON
(raises the gun)
You know what I think? I think you know too much about me.

MARY-LOU
(suddenly frightened)
What do you mean?

MARY-LOU, now scared, backs away onto the bed. NEWTON bears down on her and cocks the pistol.

NEWTON
I can do anything now, you know. I can kill you here on this bed. Then I'll ring for room service and they'll take away your body. Then I'll have them send me up another girl.

MARY-LOU
(beginning to cry)
I just want it to be the way it was. Me, the two of us... you... the way you were.

NEWTON
But that's the way I am. It's too late. I can't trust you, Mary-Lou.

MARY-LOU
You can, you can!

NEWTON shakes his head.

NEWTON
Goodbye, Mary-Lou. Sleep well.

He raises the gun. He aims at her head. MARY-LOU squirms on the bed among the food.

144. CONTINUED. 144

CLOSE UP: The gun in NEWTON'S hand.

CLOSE UP: NEWTON'S face behind the gun.

CLOSE UP: MARY-LOU'S face shaking with terror.

CLOSE UP: The gun. NEWTON fires. A flash of flame. A scream.

145. INT. NEWTON'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. 145

Darkness.

An explosion.

In the flash of the gun, we see MARY-LOU and NEWTON naked together on the bed. NEWTON is as he was, without his human disguise. It is MARY-LOU who has now fired the gun.

Darkness.

MARY-LOU
Won't they come in? The noise.

NEWTON
No. They gave me the gun. and the blanks. I asked for them. I asked for you. So you come.

MARY-LOU
Why are they doing that? Giving you everything?

NEWTON
They're not really giving me things. I'm paying. I'm rich Mary-Lou. I can afford anything.

Another explosion.

NEWTON is holding the gun.

In the flash, we can see NEWTON and MARY-LOU naked.

There now follows in rapid succession, a series of flashes and explosions as the gun is fired alternately by NEWTON and MARY-LOU.

145. CONTINUED. 145

Darkness.

A silence.

We hear the shriek of ecstasy from MARY-LOU.

146. EXT. SWIMMING POOL. DAY. 146

PETERS is sitting in a chair beside the pool. Next to him is BRYCE. BRYCE is overdressed for the scene.

In the background a NAKED GIRL passes back and forth from time to time during the scene.

PETERS
Things aren't working out. I'm deeply concerned that your man hasn't come up with one new idea in a hell of a long time.

ARTHUR appears as a butler and fills up BRYCE'S glass as he talks to PETERS.

ARTHUR leaves.

PETERS
You know, if you all drank less, we'd get better results. Take my advice, stick to mineral water and keep your perspective.

BRYCE
I'll work it out Mr. Peters. I'll talk to him. I don't understand it.

PETERS
Whether you understand it or not, I want you to understand... better than Mr. Farnsworth understood... that if Newton doesn't make it, neither do you.

BRYCE nods.

147. INT. NEWTON'S SUITE : ROOM. NIGHT. 147

CLOSE UP: BRYCE, The CAMERA follows him as he walks agitatedly about the room. On the table are large

147. CONTINUED. 147.

blown-up X-ray photographs of NEWTON, the ones he took earlier. He picks them up and puts them down.

BRYCE
Maybe they're right.

As BRYCE speaks, the CAMERA pulls back from him and we see he is in the Bauhaus room with MARY-LOU.

MARY-LOU is dressed in Western clothes looking like Cat Ballou.

She is lying on the floor on her front and toying with a gin and tonic in a tall glass.

BRYCE
Maybe they're right.
(drinks)
It's possible that Newton's not an E.T.

We hear a sudden, explosive roll of thunder.

BRYCE looks towards the large window. Outside, the sky splits open with a fantastic fork of lightning. The noisy electric storm continues through this scene.

MARY-LOU
(drunkenly)
I don't know what you're talking about.

She moves over on her side to look at BRYCE who is still pacing about the room. She accidentally knocks over her glass.

BRYCE
He's taking me for a ride.
He's taking you for a ride.
He can't do anything anymore.
He's a fake like all the rest.

MARY-LOU struggles to her feet.

MARY-LOU
What are you talking about?

BRYCE
If you want to save him, you'd better prove that he, Thomas Jerome Newton is a genuine E.T., a bona-fide card-carrying alien.

147. CONTINUED. 147

There is a blinding flash of lightning and the room turns a livid blue-white. MARY-LOU'S face is an ashen, staring mask.

148. INT. NEWTON'S SUITE : ROOM. DAWN.

NEWTON and MARY-LOU dressed in sports clothes are playing ping-pong in the nursery. NEWTON can't get a hold of the idea of the game. He plays like a child.

MARY-LOU
(emphatically)
You don't want to go back...not really. You've got everything here. Tell me one thing that you've got on your planet that we haven't got here?

NEWTON says nothing. He plays a stroke. MARY-LOU goes and fetches the ball.

MARY-LOU
Come on. Tell me one thing. You don't have any money. You don't have any water. You don't have any grass. You don't have any booze. What do you want to go back to the desert for? If you want desert, we've got desert here. This country's rich. We've got everything.
(pause)
Okay, I know, your wife and family. But listen, by the time you get back, they'll probably be dead. I mean, how long is it going to take you to get back from here? How many years? Light years or whatever you call them. How many?
(pause)
All I'm trying to say, Tommy, is that if you could just prove to them who you are, you'd be free. Don't you understand? They don't understand you. They don't believe you. Believe me. They think you're one of us. They think you're a freak or a fake. I know you're not. All you have to do is to prove it to them. Let them see you as

148. CONTINUED. 148.

MARY-LOU (cont.)
you really are. Listen. Nate could probably make a deal for you. I'll bet you could probably go back.. They'd probably let you go back. I'm sure they would. You could get into that little rocket of yours and you could go back.

MARY-LOU serves the ball.

The ball goes past NEWTON. He puts his bat on the table.

NEWTON
No.

MARY-LOU
What do you mean, no?

She throws down her ping pong bat and comes round the table to face him.

She looks up at NEWTON. She puts out her hands and tears at his sports shirt. The shirt rips open at the front. MARY-LOU starts to claw at NEWTON'S chest, trying to pull off the hair, skin and nipples.

NEWTON
No.

MARY-LOU
Come on, prove it to them, show them.

He tries to push her away.

NEWTON
No. I don't want to. I've proved enough. I've proved everything I'm going to prove. I've gone as far as I'm going.

MARY-LOU takes her hands from NEWTON'S chest. Tears well up in her eyes.

MARY-LOU
I don't love you anymore.

NEWTON
And I don't love you.

148. CONTINUED. 148

MARY-LOU
(shaking her head)
You're going to die like a creature. You're just an animal. You're just a stupid animal.

NEWTON
I want to give you something.

From the little finger on his left hand, NEWTON pulls off, with some difficulty, a gold ring.

NEWTON
Here you are. My last present. It's the only thing that's really mine.

MARY-LOU
I don't want it.

NEWTON
Why not?

MARY-LOU tries it on two or three fingers but the ring is too small. She looks up at NEWTON with tears streaming down her face.

MARY-LOU
It doesn't fit, Tommy. It doesn't fit.

She throws the ring across the room.

There is a sudden ear-piercing scream.

149. INT. NEWTON'S SUITE : ROOM. DAY. (ARTIFICIAL LIGHT) 149

NEWTON screams.

BRYCE is watching as NEWTON, tied down hand and foot, lying naked on a leather couch, is being tugged and pulled about by FOUR DOCTORS.

In CLOSE UPS we see them pulling at NEWTON'S nails, at his nipples, at the hair on his chest, at his earlobes, at his toe nails.

NEWTON shouts with pain as one of the DOCTORS starts to work on his chest with a knife, cutting into the skin below the nipples. Blood comes.

149. CONTINUED. 149.

BRYCE covers his face and leaves the room, accompanied by NEWTON'S cries of pain.

150. INT. NEWTON'S SUITE : PASSAGE. DAY. (ARTIFICIAL LIGHT) 150.

BRYCE comes out of the room closing the door behind him. He stops himself retching and covers his face with his hands.

NEWTON'S VOICE
Help me Nate! Help me!

BRYCE walks away down the passage.

151. INT. NEWTON'S SUITE : BATHROOM. DAY. (ARTIFICIAL LIGHT) 151.

Faintly, far away, we hear NEWTON'S VOICE calling for help. MARY-LOU is looking upwards.

MARY-LOU
(distracted)
I love you, Tommy, I really do.
I love you. I do really.

152. INT. ROOM. DAY. (ARTIFICIAL LIGHT) 152.

NEWTON is now dressed. He is sitting in what looks like a dentist's chair. The chair has arm and head rests and various instruments on moving platform arms.

There are now TWO DOCTORS present.

The FIRST DOCTOR is wheeling a machine towards NEWTON. The machine looks like a robot. It has a steel head with nothing but two lenses set side by side, which although black, resemble eyes in a face. Each lens has a rubber cap around it. The SECOND DOCTOR measures the distance between NEWTON'S eyes.

SECOND DOCTOR
We're just going to take some photographs of you.

ONE of the NURSES behind NEWTON'S chair reaches forward and feels his forehead. NEWTON immediately jerks his head around.

NEWTON
(frightened)
What are you doing?

152. CONTINUED. 152

He holds up his hands to his eyes.

FIRST DOCTOR
It's very straight-forward. The first picture will be a routine photo of your retinas, that's for a simple identification of your blood vessel pattern, and the other is an equally straight-forward X-ray. That's so we can see the ridges on the inside of your occiput at the back of your skull.

NEWTON starts to get out of the chair.

NEWTON
No. You don't know what you're doing.

SECOND DOCTOR
Please don't get excited. It won't hurt, I can assure you.

NEWTON
You don't understand. The flash of the X-ray...

FIRST DOCTOR
There's no flash with an X-ray, Mr. Newton. You can't see an X-ray.

NEWTON
(shouts)
I can! I can see X-rays.

FIRST DOCTOR
Here, drink this.

He hands him a glass of gin. NEWTON drinks it down in a gulp. The SECOND DOCTOR looks into NEWTON'S eyes.

SECOND DOCTOR
Are you wearing contact lenses, Mr. Newton? I can see something in there.

NEWTON
Please don't touch my eyes.

152. CONTINUED. 152

SECOND DOCTOR
Tweezers, Nurse.

NEWTON
No! You won't be able to take them out.

SECOND DOCTOR
I've had twenty years of experience with lenses. It won't hurt.

NEWTON
Let me take them out. I'll do it. Don't touch my eyes. Give me the tweezers.

NEWTON holds out his hand to the NURSE. The NURSE looks at the SECOND DOCTOR who looks at the FIRST DOCTOR. The FIRST DOCTOR nods. The NURSE hands NEWTON the tweezers.

The NURSE holds up a mirror as NEWTON, holding the tweezers carefully, tries to remove the membrane over his right eye. But his hand is very shaky. He is frightened and he simply can't grip the edge of the membrane with the tweezers. He puts his arm down for a while to rest. Then he tries again.

NEWTON
I'm sorry. Perhaps if I went to another room. I can't do it here. It's too bright.

FIRST DOCTOR
Now look, Mr. Newton, we've been very patient. Please let us do what we have to do.

NEWTON
(desperately)
I'll try again. Let me try once more.

The SECOND DOCTOR shakes his head.

SECOND DOCTOR
Hand the tweezers to me, please, Mr. Newton.

NEWTON
No. I can't let you do it. I can't.

152. CONTINUED. 152.

FIRST DOCTOR
Give Mr. Newton another drink.

The NURSE carefully fills his glass and hands it to NEWTON. He drinks and as he does, the SECOND DOCTOR reaches out and pulls the tweezers from NEWTON'S grasp.

NEWTON tries to struggle out of the chair, but he is held back first by the NURSE and then by the FIRST DOCTOR.

A leather and metal arm is moved across the chair to hold NEWTON'S body in position. A NURSE behind the chair adjusts the headrest so in effect NEWTON is in a vise-like grip. He cannot move.

NEWTON
Please don't do it. Please.
I beg you. Call Dr. Bryce.
He knows. Call him.

SECOND DOCTOR
I don't know who Dr. Bryce is.

The FIRST DOCTOR wheels the robot-like machine towards NEWTON. NEWTON tries to shake his head as the machine gets closer and closer.

NURSE'S VOICE
(soothing)
Finish your drink, Mr. Newton.

The two eyes in the steel head move closer to NEWTON'S eyes. NEWTON'S hands twitch. His feet wriggle.

The CAMERA moves in to NEWTON'S fearful eyes.

NEWTON
(pleading)
I want to go home. I want
to go home.

Inexorably the black lens rubbers of the robot head close over NEWTON'S eyes, blotting out his vision.

NEWTON
Please don't do it. Don't
you understand? I'm not human.
Don't do it, I'm not one of you.
I'm not a human being. Can't
you understand that? I'm
different. Mary-Lou! Help me!

The combined appearance of NEWTON and the equipment is of

152. CONTINUED. 152.

a man trapped in a maze of shining metal.

FIRST DOCTOR
All right, Doctor. When you're ready.

SECOND DOCTOR
Ready.

NEWTON
(screams)
Don't! Don't! Don't!

The SECOND DOCTOR presses a button which works the robot photograph. There is a prolonged X-ray buzzing sound. The screen goes black.

There is a blinding flash of light, perhaps a huge CLOSE UP of a flash bulb going off. Then the screen goes black again.

We hear David Bowie's song 'Space Oddity' again faintly in the background.

BOWIE
Can you hear me, Major Tom?
Can you hear me, Major Tom?

SECOND DOCTOR'S VOICE
(loud)
That wasn't so terrible, was it? You can get up now. Come on, Mr. Newton. You can get up. That's it. Give him his glasses, Nurse. Now then, that didn't hurt, did it? What about a drink?

The blackness slowly DISSOLVES into a deep midnight blue and we can make out the twinkling stars.

BOWIE
Tell my wife I love her very much.

153. EXT. LANDSCAPE. DAY. 153.

The CAMERA pans around the desert landscape to pick up a train moving across it in the opposite direction from which we first saw it. Waiting beside the track are the WOMAN and her TWO CHILDREN, NEWTON'S family.

153. CONTINUED. 153

As the train comes to a stop, a door in the side slides open and NEWTON, looking as he did in the earlier scene when we saw him leave, steps from the train to the ground.

NEWTON'S WIFE and TWO CHILDREN seen to slowly hurl themselves at NEWTON. NEWTON hugs his WIFE and lifts the CHILDREN up, each in turn. He gently touches his family over and over again with his pointed nailless fingers.

The faces of NEWTON's family SUPERIMPOSE themselves on each other.

154. EXT. LANDSCAPE. TRAIN. DAY. 154

The CAMERA moves along the side of the train, giving the impression that the train is moving on. But, as the CAMERA reaches the end of the train and continues its movement turning back on the train, we realize that the train is actually stationary.

The CAMERA moves further and further back and there is now no sign of NEWTON and his family. The CAMERA picks up speed as it reverses away from the train.

The CAMERA thunders away across the deserted landscape, and then (in an aeriel shot), takes off, launching itself into the blue-green sky.

155. EXT. W.E. DEVELOPMENT CENTER. DAY. 155

NEWTON'S rocket towers over a sad scene.

The site is deserted, overgrown, ruined, forgotten.

Then we become aware of MEN in hard hats hurrying about. The CAMERA pans to a crew of MEN who are about to demolish the rocket. A siren whines out its last call.

A hand moves near to a button in a console of controls.

MAN'S VOICE
Why the hell did they ever build these things? The waste when people are...I don't know. It's such a waste of money.

The finger presses the button.

155. CONTINUED. 155

With a huge roar, the rocket looks for a moment as if it is going to take off. The rocket is surrounded suddenly by sheets of flame and undermined by a continuing series of explosions. The silver vehicle topples and falls with a great crash on to its side.

156. EXT. LANDSCAPE. DAY. 156

Far away in the desert landscape beneath the blue-green sky is the stationary train.

In the foreground is the tent we saw previously where the WOMAN and her TWO CHILDREN were living.

The WOMAN is lying on her back staring up at the sky. The TWO CHILDREN are lying near her. They are all dead, their cat's eyes wide open.

We hear the crackling voice of an AMERICAN T.V. NEWSCASTER. The VOICE comes from the radio-TV unit which is on the ground nearby.

157. INT. NEWTON'S SUITE : BEDROOM. NIGHT. 157

CLOSE UP: A huge glass case crammed with a thousand butterflies, pinned to a dead tree branch.

We see the reflection of NEWTON'S face as he comes up to examine the glass case.

The CAMERA pulls back and we see NEWTON alone in his bedroom.

He leaves the case and wanders about the chaos of his once-ordered room.

He pours himself a drink.

There isn't enough in the bottle. He looks around and finds a case. He pulls out another bottle and opens it. He completes the drink.

NEWTON crosses to the window and presses a button. The drapes open electronically. Through the window we see the star-studded heavens.

158. INT. NEWTON'S SUITE : ROOM. DAY. 158

We see snow is falling outside the window of the Bauhaus Room. The tubular furniture is dull now and cobwebs join the frames. There is no sign of NEWTON.

159. INT. NEWTON'S BEDROOM. DAY. 15

A Montage of shots of NEWTON upending empty bottles into a large glass, draining them to the last drop. He mixes gin and wine dregs, and even an unfinished sherry glass. Eventually, he gets a glass an inch full of liquor. He holds it up and stares at it. It is the last drink.

He lifts the large glass to his lips, which he licks thirstily, then lowers it putting it on a table.

HUGE CLOSE UP: The glass of liquor. The surface of the liquid fills the screen like a lake.

There is a sudden explosive splash as NEWTON drops an ice cube into the glass. The CAMERA zooms out as NEWTON raises the glass to his lips and drinks.

He crosses and presses a button to wind back the drapes. Out of the window we see, not clouds or sky, but the beginnings of a new city skyscape. Buildings we haven't seen before. Shapes we don't recognise.

Against this backdrop, NEWTON drinks. Outside the large window, scaffolding is being raised. MEN appear. They are climbing around not more than a few yards from NEWTON'S window.

160. INT. NEWTON'S SUITE : BATHROOM. NIGHT. 16

NEWTON pours himself a glass of water from the faucet. He drinks the water and then spits it out, a look of revulsion on his face.

He turns and he sees himself in the dusty mirror. NEWTON has changed. He is older.

NEWTON leaves the bathroom.

A spider runs in the disused bath tub.

161. INT. NEWTON'S BEDROOM. NIGHT/DAWN. 16

OVERHEAD SHOT: NEWTON is lying quite still on the bed. His face is older and grayer. His body is unmoving. His eyes are open, staring.

Suddenly, with a change of angle, we see a MAN standing at the foot of NEWTON's bed. The MAN is silhouetted against the sky at night. The full moon is behind the MAN's head.

NEWTON remains quite still.

161. CONTINUED. 161

The first light of dawn comes.

The MAN is outlined now against the light.

He is the MAN from the Kentucky coalfield. The MAN is like NEWTON. We hear a familiar pop song faintly: Bowie's 'Changes'.

162. INT. NEWTON'S BEDROOM. DAY. 162.

NEWTON is sitting up in a four-poster bed, as he was when we first saw him in the room. He presses the button for Room Service and waits.

No one comes.

He presses it again idly, keeping his finger on it.

163. INT. NEWTON'S SUITE. DAY. 163.

NEWTON opens his bedroom door and goes out into the passage. He wanders along another passage to the double doors. He pulls idly at the handle and to his surprise the door opens. He stares at it, then out into the corridor beyond.

Slowly, NEWTON leaves his suite and walks off down the corridor in the direction of the elevator.

164. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY. 164.

CLOSE UP: NEWTON presses the elevator button.

165. EXT. LANDSCAPES. DAY. 165.

In silence, the CAMERA races across lakes, along desert roads, over the top of forests, across the sea, past mountains, through valleys, and finally above clouds and beyond into blue space.

The sequence is identical to the earlier series of shots except that now they are all reversed. The film is running backwards. We are leaving something behind. Over it we hear the Christmas Carol 'Silent Night.'

166. EXT. STREET. NIGHT. 166.

Christmas scenes in shop windows.

166. CONTINUED: 166.

CLOSE UPS of FATHER CHRISTMAS. Ten different Father Christmases. Ten different Nativities. Ten faces of the baby Jesus. We hear a carol being sung:

'Silent Night, Holy Night.
All is calm, all is bright.'

167. INT. LIQUOR STORE. NIGHT. 167.

Seen through lines and columns of bottles in the foreground, we see a FATHER CHRISTMAS buying a bottle of gin.

Across the store, a WOMAN is bringing over two bottles of white wine which she has selected: a Christmas Special Offer. The FATHER CHRISTMAS and the WOMAN, in their fifties, wait as the liquor store CASHIER rings up the amount and the WOMAN pays. They leave the store and walk on down the snowy street.

'Round yon Virgin Mother and Child,
Holy Infant so tender and mild...'

168. EXT. CITY STREET. NIGHT. 168.

The FATHER CHRISTMAS (unrecognisable) and the WOMAN walk down the street.

The WOMAN is MARY-LOU.

The FATHER CHRISTMAS looks up at the stars.

'Sleep in heavenly peace ...'

169. INT. APARTMENT. NIGHT. 169.

A garret-like apartment at the top of an old building. Poorly furnished. Run down. There is a Christmas Tree and a cat wandering about and an attic window that looks out on the heavens.

MARY-LOU opens the door, and she and her FATHER CHRISTMAS come in. The carol continuing.

'Sleep in heavenly peace... '

FATHER CHRISTMAS takes off his outfit and throws it on a chair. He removes his beard, moustache and hat. MARY-LOU's Father Christmas is BRYCE.

169. CONTINUED. 169.

MARY-LOU
You want a drink?

BRYCE
It's strange being a Father Christmas and not being a father.

MARY-LOU
I'm sorry.

BRYCE crosses to the window, and looks up at the full moon.

BRYCE
When we have the moon, it's too much to ask for the stars.

The cat looks up with its cat's eyes at MARY-LOU.

MARY-LOU
You want a drink?

BRYCE
Why not?

The carol continues in the background.

170. INT. RECORD STORE. NIGHT. 170.

From inside the record store, the CAMERA pans with BRYCE as he walks past.

He glances towards the window.

Something in the display catches his eye.

He comes inside, and up to a display stand of records, tapes and cassettes of a new sound.

The display reads: 'Poetry and Music you have never heard before.' This is the first album of a one-man group who calls himself 'The Visitor'.. 'The Visitor' is Poetry-in-Music'.

BRYCE takes a record and hands it to the YOUNG MAN serving in the store.

BRYCE
Can I hear a track off this please?

YOUNG MAN
Sure. Would you go into that booth.

170. CONTINUED. 170.

BRYCE goes into the booth the YOUNG MAN has indicated and puts on the headphones.

There is a pause.

Then the music comes on. We recognize the sound. It is NEWTON speaking in his own language.

The sound is a mixture of squeaky words sung or spoken in a manner vaguely resembling Chinese music.

171. EXT. PARK: LAKE. DAY. 171.

It is now summer. There is an outdoor restaurant and bar in the park with tables set along near the lakeside.

BRYCE is sitting at a table nursing a gin and tonic.

Two tables away sits NEWTON, wearing dark glasses, looking a little older than before, but not that much. He is wearing a hat and looking straight ahead of him. A WAITER brings him a neat gin.

The WAITER puts a bottle of angostura bitters into NEWTON'S hand as if in familiar ritual. NEWTON shakes the bitters into the gin while not looking down. NEWTON hands the bitters back to the WAITER who goes.

After a moment, with PEOPLE passing this way and that, BRYCE gets to his feet and crosses to NEWTON'S table. He stands near him, looking down.

BRYCE
Hello, Mr. Newton.

NEWTON looks up in the direction of the sound. There is a pause before he speaks. He has remembered.

NEWTON
Nathan Bryce.

BRYCE
That's right. May I sit down?

NEWTON
Go ahead.
(BRYCE sits)
Strangely, I was thinking about you only the other...How did you find me?

171. CONTINUED. 171.

BRYCE
Your record. It took a while, but I traced you.

NEWTON
Did you like it?

BRYCE
Not much.

NEWTON
Well, I didn't make it for you.

BRYCE
Who did you make it for?

NEWTON
For my wife. She'll get to hear it one day. On the radio.

BRYCE
You hear most things on the radio nowadays.

NEWTON
Do you see anything of Mary-Lou?

BRYCE thinks before he speaks. NEWTON notices the pause.

BRYCE
Not much.

NEWTON
I don't want her to get lonely. She must still have enough money.

BRYCE
Don't you feel bitter about everything?

NEWTON
Bitter? No. We would probably have treated you the same if you'd come over to our place.

BRYCE
Is there no chance then?

NEWTON
Of what? Of course there's a chance. You're a scientist,

171. CONTINUED. 171.

NEWTON (cont.)
Dr. Bryce. You must know that there's always a chance. Do you need money?

BRYCE shakes his head unable to speak. NEWTON'S dark glasses stare at him.

NEWTON
Well, let me know if you do. I may not see so well anymore, but I've still got money.

From underneath the dark glasses we see a running tear as NEWTON slowly folds his head forward in his hands.

BRYCE looks at him helplessly.

NEWTON accidentally knocks over his glass of gin.

The WAITER comes up.

WAITER
I think maybe Mr. Newton's had enough. Don't you?

BRYCE
I think maybe he has.

The Image DISSOLVES into a stunning telescopic shot of the Milky Way.

We hear sounds of explosions, faint, millions of light years away.

We hear all kinds of sounds of creation and destruction as the CAMERA wanders among the stars of the Milky Way.

On the soundtrack, we hear Elton John's number: 'Rocket Man'.

ELTON
It's going to be a long, long time
Till touchdown brings me round...

The stars.